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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

MASS MEETING IN WASHINGTON TO SUSTAIN THE PRESIDENT.

[A Washington correspondent of the *Herald* reports a great meeting there to sustain the Presidential policy, as follows:]

WASHINGTON, April 5, 1866.

THE outdoor mass meeting of the supporters of the admistration of President Johnson, which was postponed from last week on account of the inclemency of the weather, assembled this evening in front of the City Hall at seven o'clock. The front of the building was brilliantly lighted up with a fanciful arrangement of gas burners in the form of large stars, and a fine band of music lent its attractions to indifferent passers by.

The assembly was promptly called to order by Hon. Green Clay Smith, who read the following dispatch from ex-Gov. Randall; and thereupon nominated Marshall Gooding Chairman:

ELMIRA, N. Y., April 5, 1866.

Hon. GREEN CLAY SMITH, National Hotel, Washington:

If I do not get back, say to the meeting for me that I endorse fully the objects of the meeting. The policy of President Johnson was the policy of Mr. Lincoln and the policy of the Union party at the late Presidential election. There is neither palliation nor excuse for this war on the President. He will outlive it. I believe his policy is right, and embraces the only constitutional mode of settling our difficulties, and I will do all in my power to sustain him. A. W. RANDALL.

REMARKS OF THE CHAIRMAN.

The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, said: In other days the people of this country had been divided into political parties. Old parties had had their day. There had been in past times a Federal party, a National Whig party, a Know Nothing party. All had passed away. Then had arisen the Republican party, and that too had now passed away as a distinctive party organization—(applause)—for when Fort Sumter fell the people patriotically threw down their party distinctions and rallied round the flag of their country, on the common platform of supporting the Union, and thus formed the great Union party. (Cheers.) The war was over, the President had issued his proclamation declaring the war at an end, and one little thing was all that was now required. This little thing was the admission of loyal members of Congress. All Congress had to do was to say to each loyal member, as fast as they came up, "We are glad to see you—welcome." If any one asked would he admit Jeff. Davis, he replied no; but he would admit every loyal man elected by the people to Congress. Andrew Johnson, it was said, had left the Union party. He (Judge Gooding) denied it. He defied any one to point to a single clause of the platform of 1864 which President Johnson had not complied with. Our soldiers and sailors did not fight for Radicalism, but for Unionism and the restoration of the Government of the country. (Cheers.) These Radicals said, keep faith with the negroes. He replied, keep faith with every one. (Applause.) Keep faith with the soldiers; keep faith with the voter; keep faith with the soldiers' widows and children; keep faith with the Government itself, which pledged its honor to the world that this war was not a mere crusade against the South to interfere with their domestic institutions. (Applause.) They had given the negroes the freedom they had promised them. Could any man say they had promised them more? They had given them freedom by the emancipation proclamation; but still more by the acts of this old, veteran patriot, Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, whom these men denounce. (Applause.)

REMARKS OF EX-GOV. JOHNSON, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Marshall Gooding concluded by introducing ex-Gov. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, who elaborately reviewed the progress of those sentiments which had culminated in the heresy of secession, in the doctrine that somewhere within the lines of States rights the founders of the Constitution had included the right of suicide. Now, then, he continued, we are told on the highest authority in the country that the war which this heresy brought about is at an end, and is it—as the people of the South have been whipped, soundly whipped and justly whipped, in my opinion—is it fair to go in now and whip them again, to strike them when they are down? I have a great respect for Congress, and so long as they keep within the line of their duties I will sustain them; but when they step out of their province to attack unjustly the coördinate branch of the Government, I am opposed to them. I voted for Andrew Johnson on the Chicago platform and on the Baltimore platform, and thought them both good platforms; and I say that President Johnson stands to-day precisely on the platform on which he was elected. (Applause.) I say that President Johnson stands precisely on the platform that Congress made for him—that this war should be prosecuted for the purpose of putting down the rebellion against the laws and restoring the Union. Either Congress was lying to its constituents when it passed these resolutions, or it is lying now. (Laughter and applause.) Where is it that the Radicals propose to drive the President? They cannot drive him off the Baltimore platform, because they cannot stand on it themselves. (Laughter.) If the President will only appeal to the people I will answer for my State that Pennsylvania will support him—(cheers)—and if I must again put on political harness I will stump my State to maintain what I believe to be the rights of this people—the constitutional rights of the people of all colors, and the constitutional rights of the Executive. (Cheers.) The Radicals say the President is desirous of creating a one-horse power. Well, gentlemen, I am not a very shrewd man, but I think if I desired to establish a one-horse power I should not have vetoed the Freedmen's Bureau bill, because it would give me the power of appointing thirty thousand or three hundred thousand agents to carry out my views; nor should I have refused the patronage which the Civil Rights bill bestowed.

Gov. Johnson on resuming his seat was loudly applauded, and three rousing cheers were also given for the President by the enthusiastic listeners.

REMARKS OF GEN. SWIFT.

Gen. John L. Swift, an old line Massachusetts Abolitionist, was next introduced to the meeting, and made a capital off-hand, telling speech. Gen. Swift, speaking of the issues of the war, said he entered into the struggle to maintain the Constitution. If there was any other object it was hidden from the men who marched down to the States of the South. I say, he added, if any other disposition is to be made of these events it will be a gigantic fraud and an insult to the memory of those brave men whose bodies are strewn from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, but whose spirits have gone above to swell the ranks of the God of battles. Everything for which we waged this war has been surrendered, and I ask you, now, if not more than the most sanguine statesman ever hoped for, or the most ardent dreamer ever imagined, has been accomplished? Why should the great purpose of this war, the paramount duty of peace, remain still unaccomplished? This is the question to ask, and there will be no true, abiding peace for this country until this is answered, and the answer is, "Radicalism will not have it so." The same objections now urged against the doctrine of recognition will hold good ten years hence. There can be no peace unless we have a union of hearts and hands. We must all work to that end. I want you to stand with the President for this whole country, and not for one end of it. (Applause.) Let us have peace, and entire peace. Let us lay down, with the weapons of warfare, the vindictive feelings and social rage to which it gave rise. (Prolonged and hearty applause.)

REMARKS OF SENATOR COWAN.

Senator Cowan next came forward and said he had been asked several times on going to his house the other day, "What was wrong—how it was that this Union was not restored?" All he could tell them was that Congress thought the negro must vote. That was the whole of it; but then Congress had no power in this matter. It was a matter for the States. Let them go to Pennsylvania; the negro didn't vote there. Let them go to Illinois; the negro didn't vote there. Let them go to New York; the negro didn't vote there unless he was a wealthy darkey. (Laughter.) Let them go to Massachusetts; the negro didn't vote there unless he was a literary darkey. (Laughter.) He contended that the supporters of President Johnson were the only Union paty. The Radicals had tried to appropriate the name, but they were a Union party without any Union. But the Radicals did not want to admit the South, because they knew that these men whom they had been wronging and bedeviling all this time would have no love for them, so they wanted to get the negro in; not that they loved the negro, but to help them out of their own scrape. Suppose the negro did come in, what would he do?

A Voice—Elect a Radical.

Senator Cowan—Elect a Radical? He would not touch him with a ten-foot pole. (Laughter.) No, Sambo is too sharp for that. He knows the men who have been riding him all over the country for these years past as a hobby, and if once he gets them off he will not let them mount again. (Laughter.) The inhabitants of these Southern States are of our blood, they are our kinsmen, and it is wicked and atrocious to think that they can be kept in subjection. When we were right and they were wrong, did they not get punished? And now we are wrong and they are right, on whose side will God be? Should a foreign war break out, for whom would the South fight? Would they fight for these Radicals? I tell you, gentlemen, there is one man here who is the bond of union for North and South, and that is your President. (Cheers.) Trust him, and he will not fail you. (Loud cheering.

REMARKS OF GREEN CLAY SMITH.

Gen. Green Clay Smith, of Kentucky, followed and said: Mr. Cowan had asked a very pertinent question: "Why the Union should not be restored?" He was going to ask another pertinent question, How is this restoration to be effected except by the policy of President Johnson? The Radicals said the South was not ready for restoration, even since the war. If that was true, if they must wipe out all that had been done, he asked them, in all seriousness, must we not have another revolution? And how would they set about it? How would they accomplish better that which had been accomplished? There was no greater truth in history than that no country could live where taxation did not carry representation. Now he held that there were men in the South who should not, could not and never would, by his instrumentality, become the representatives of the United States in any legislative capacity. On the other hand, there were men who had been as true to the Union as the most ultra member, aye, truer to the Union than the most ultra member who held a seat in Congress. To say that such men did not deserve representation was a falsehood on liberty, a falsehood on the representative institutions of America, and must die with the men who preached it. (Cheers.) They would remember the beautiful story told of the great and wise King Solomon—how when the lady had lost her child, which had been stolen by the harlot, Solomon said, "Bring a sword and cut the child in two; give half to one and half to the other." The harlot said, "Very well, let it be so;" but the mother interposed, "No, let the harlot have it, but save its life;" and Solomon said, "That's the mother!" (Cheers.) So there were men at the North who said, "Let the Union slide," and there were men at the South who said, "Let the Union slide;" but between them there stood a wise and patriotic people, with Andrew Johnson at their head, who said, "No, let the Union be preserved." (Loud cheers.) Now, the harlots can't love in our case. (Laughter and applause.) If they have no child of their own, by the eternal God they shall not steal ours. (Prolonged cheering.) There were some ladies who came to him for aid for the freedmen. He gave them something and told them to go up to Congress to Thaddeus Stevens. They replied, "We have been there." "And how much did you get?" "Not a cent!" (Laughter.) If these were the men who were to save the country, why, all he had to say was that the niggers had better get out of it. (Laughter and cheers.) In conclusion, the speaker declared that if President Johnson had violated his pledges, so had every member of his Cabinet who adopted his policy. The Radicals might talk about impeachment and treason; but Andrew Johnson was the Gibraltar of America, and every man who dashed his head against that rock would get his brains knocked out. (Great cheering.) With all the power that had been offered to President Johnson within the last few months—the army and navy at his back, and he Commander-in-Chief, thirty millions in the Freedmen's Bureau and the Treasury at his disposal—Napoleon would not have been a patchwork to Johnson; but all these the President had put behind his back. He asked them to give three cheers for the restoration of the Union and for Andrew Johnson, the chosen leader of the party. (Cheers.) He then moved the following resolution:

Resolved, That we are now, as heretofore, ardently attached to the Union of the States under the Constitution of the United States, and that we have always held, and do now hold, that no State ever had the right to secede, and that those who attempted to do so still remain States of the Union and are not in the condition of Territories.

Resolved, That we have the utmost confidence in the ability, patriotism and integrity of President Johnson, and that we approve and endorse his restoration policy.

Resolved, That we are opposed to any attempt on the part of the General Government to force universal suffrage upon the people of any State or Territory against the known will of the loyal people thereof, as unconstitutional, impolitic and unjust.

Resolved, That all loyal members from any of the States duly elected and returned to the Congress of the United States should be admitted to their seats without delay, after taking the oath prescribed by Congress known as the test oath.

Resolved, That the gratitude of the American people is eminently due to our valiant soldiers and sailors who fought the battles for the suppression of the rebellion and the preservation of the union of the States.

The Chairman put the resolutions, which were carried by a tornado of ayes, one solitary "no" being raised. The Chairman declared that this sole dissentient must either be a rebel or a Radical, and announced the resolutions carried unanimously.

There were probably not less than four thousand well dressed and intelligent yeomen present at the inauguration of this definite policy to support the President in his reconstruction policy. They filled up Broad street before the City Hall so that the street cars were temporarily stopped in their trips, and they were ever ready with applause. The air was so quiet and the night was so calm that none of the gas jets in the gigantic star which blazed above the heads of the speakers were extinguished. The voices of the orators reached the dullest man in the great crowd, and called forth applause from the crowded windows across the square. The departments of the Government were well represented by their clerks, and the Radicals by their closest friends, the colored people, in large numbers. These latter applauded the sentiments of the speakers quite as vociferously as their white brethren, who were supposed to know better what the speakers were talking about. The meeting may be considered a decided success as the first step towards the formation of a new party.

"NEXT MOVE."—Under this heading, the New York *Sunday Mercury* says: "A political gathering in Brooklyn was edified last night with an address on the subject of the impeachment of President Johnson. Straws show how the wind blows; and the subject of this address, like the bubbles on a beer vat, shows what is brewing in the Radical brain. It would be a good joke to see the little fraction of a Senate now in session impeach the President and attempt to remove him from his office. The President is entrusted with the duty of defending and protecting the Constitution, and he is also Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. With these duties to fulfil and these powers at his command, the Radical proposition to depose him is about the coolest thing of the season. That he allows the little squad of disorganizing conspirators to strut upon the public stage instead of dispersing them with a flea in their ear or a few inches of cold steel in the seat of their pantaloons, is the most notable instance of magnanimity on record."

MR. BROOKS EXPELLED.

From the N. Y. World.

THE House of Representatives of the present Rump Congress filled up the measure of its infamy yesterday by expelling James Brooks from the seat to which he was elected by the people of the Eighth Congressional District of this State, and voting into his seat Mr. William E. Dodge, who was not elected, although it is known and admitted that he used tens of thousands of dollars corruptly to secure the suffrages of the voters of that locality.

A little plain talk on this matter will do no harm.

Messrs. Radicals of the Rump Congress, do you not see that, by expelling Senator Stockton, and Congressmen Baldwin, Voorhees, and Brooks, to accomplish purely party ends, you justify and invite like violence? You use fraud and force to add to your numbers; and you cannot in reason, object, if some power, superior to yours, should adopt your methods in its dealings with you. There is, intrinsically, no more sacredness in the Republican majorities which elected Thad. Stevens, Wentworth, or Bingham, than in the Democratic majorities which chose Baldwin, Voorhees, and Brooks. If no rule of justice obtains in the one case, neither does it in the other. You kick Representatives out of their seats because you have the power, and in so doing lose all moral status with the country. Should the kicking process be turned against yourselves, remember it were you who made force the arbiter. It's a poor rule that will not work both ways.

Hereafter, the deliberations of this irregular body can have no value to the public. We deny that it is a Congress of the United States. It not only excludes eleven States, but it reduces its own membership by violence to carry on a war against the integrity of the Union. Its record is already the most shameful page in our history.

THE REBEL PRESS.—The Norfolk (Va.) *Post* says there has been no such manifestations of *joy* and *jubilation*, since the rout of the Federal army at Bull Run, as that informing us of the President's veto of the Freedmen's bill! "The Republicans have been *ignominiously* defeated, and *driven from the field*. All that is necessary for *the South* is to continue to *hold up the President's hands*, and wage unceasing and *bitter war* against the Republican Congress. The stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner. A fig for your Republican Congress. We have a President with *absolute* powers, who can carry on Government without the assistance of Congress."

POWERS OF THE PRESIDENT.—The N. Y. *World* says the Radicals are in most deadly earnest. There can be no doubt that the President is. If they pass unconstitutional laws over his veto, *he will not feel bound to execute them*. Jefferson long ago taught that the Executive Department must interpret the Constitution for itself in matters pertaining to its own functions. Jackson repeatedly acted on that maxim. The President is sworn to support the Constitution. When any law clearly conflicts with it, he must, of necessity, elect between the two. The inferior law must yield to the superior.

Selections.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE FAR EAST.

[The following are extracts from an interesting letter in the New York *Tribune*, dated Jerusalem, March 26, 1866.]

EGYPT is just now suffering from the almost total failure of the last cotton crop and the death of half a million cattle from the cattle plague. But what she suffers from most is the tyranny and selfishness of the Viceroy.

One who has never visited Egypt can hardly imagine the sufferings and degradation of the people under his government. He sacrifices everything to his lust for gain. Just now he is building a new railroad from Cairo along the river as far south as Thebes, and all the people of Upper Egypt are seized by his soldiers and driven in droves under the lash to build it. They are forced to work for nothing and find their own food for one month. So it was on the Suez Canal until England interfered. Lesseps nominally paid them a shilling a day, but the money went toward the Viceroy's subscription, and he gave the people nothing on the ground that he had expended the full amount on their travelling expenses. Every man's life, time and property, in short, are absolutely at the disposal of the Viceroy, who is himself a miser, and who is burdening the country with a debt, the proceeds of which go into his individual pocket.

SLAVERY IN EGYPT.

While we have abolished slavery in the United States, the institution is rapidly extending itself in Egypt. The demands of the Viceroy upon the people compel them to purchase slaves to work their land. I am informed that not less than 10,000 slaves are brought into Egypt every year from the Upper Nile, whose average life upon the plantation is not more than five years; while it is estimated that for every slave captured and actually brought into Egypt, not less than three persons are killed. This increasing slave trade, with all its attendants of war and man-stealing, is doing untold injury to the Upper Country. I learn that the attention of the English government has lately been called to these facts, and that Mr. Pulgrave, the famous traveller, is now in Egypt investigating the whole subject.

And this is taking place while Slavery has been nominally abolished in all the Turkish Empire, and proves what may happen in the United States should the Government at Washington again fall into the hands of the old Pro-Slavery party.

AMERICANS IN EGYPT.

The number of Americans in Egypt and Syria this year has been comparatively small, although one party of 15 has been up the Nile in a special steamer, and a number of small parties have gone up in boats. The cholera, which raged in the East last year, seems to have caused travellers to confine themselves this Winter to Europe. There are but four Americans now in Jerusalem, although others will soon be here from Mount Sinai. The country was never more healthy than now. I found our Consul-General in Egypt—Mr. Hale of Boston—to be universally respected and esteemed both by travellers and residents, American and foreign. After the disgrace which Buchanan's appointees brought upon the United States abroad, it is most refreshing to meet with gentlemen like Mr. Hale, who are really an honor to their country. He invited all the Americans in Cairo to celebrate Washington's birthday at his rooms, and it was an occasion which will not be soon forgotten by those who were present.

HOW UNPARDONED TRAITORS FARE IN THE EAST.

Speaking of Americans in the East reminds me of the misfortunes of the infamous Jacob Thompson of Mississippi, in Jerusalem. Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior has not found himself very popular among Americans in Europe this Winter; and, perhaps it was with a view to expiate some of his past sins that he determined upon a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. To make his reception there peculiarly agreeable to himself, he armed himself with a special letter of recommendation from the Pope (the only European sovereign who recognized Jeff. Davis) and an English passport. He embarked at Naples for Alexandria, but the fates were against him. He found on board some dozen Americans, as loyal as he was disloyal. They stared at him four days, very much as they would have done at a caged gorilla; and of course, without any reference to him, made the steamer ring with "Down with the traitor, up with the stars," "Tramp! tramp! tramp!" "John Brown," and other patriotic songs. From Alexandria "Jake Thompson" hastened to the Holy Land, to wash himself in the Jordan, or, perhaps the Dead Sea. He arrived at Jerusalem, and, indorsed by the Pope's letter, met with a favorable reception from the Latin Patriarch, who undoubtedly gave him much good advice; but at his hotel he found himself in difficulties. He was told that the landlord did not care to risk the loss of all loyal American company by harboring a thief and a traitor, and so he had nothing to do but pack up and leave. He found himself generally known at once. Not only Americans, but English and French respectfully declined the honor of his company. He turned with disgust to the Dead Sea; but no traveller can visit the Dead Sea without an escort obtained from the Pasha through some consul. The American Consul is a brave fellow, who lost his leg at Cold Harbor; but J. Thompson had too much fear of the other leg to venture into his office. So he sought in vain for an escort, and was obliged to content himself with a view of the Dead Sea from the Mount of Olives.

The Mosque of Omar, too, closed its gates against him for a similar reason, and he could only turn for consolation to his spiritual friend, the Latin Patriarch. It is to be hoped that he received from him such salutary moral lessons as would be adapted to his case. However this may be, he found it convenient to leave Jerusalem at once for some more congenial clime.

REPORT.

[The following are extracts from the Thirty-Second Annual Report of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society:]

THE amended Constitution of the United States declares that slavery is forever prohibited under its jurisdiction; and, to-day, no human being in this nation wears the legal fetters of a slave. Over this great victory of our cause we would rejoice with fit anthems of praise; but language fails to portray the magnitude of the triumph, or to reach the heights and depths of our glad thanksgiving. A year ago to-day we recorded the names of twelve States whose Legislatures had ratified this doom of slavery. To-day we record the fact that its ratification is completed by twenty of the loyal States of the Republic, and officially announced, by the Secretary of State, as the law of the land. And since this announcement, New Jersey, who last year refused her sanction to the charter of freedom, has done works meet for repentance, and placed her name by the side of the illustrious twenty.

In our review of the year whose close is crowned with this grand event, we can recount many triumphs of our cause, each of which we hail with grateful joy. We could scarcely comprehend the full meaning of the words which flashed along our telegraphic wires (more marvellous than the electric messenger which bore them), announcing that South Carolina had abolished slavery by a convention of her people. We were startled with strange joy when we read that in the City of Charleston, Mr. Redpath, of Boston, and Mr. O'Donnell, of Philadelphia, were reorganizing the public schools, and opening them to white and colored children on equal terms; that in Savannah a negro market-house had been converted into a school-room for the freed children; that a convention of the colored people of South Carolina could assemble in its proudest city, and issue their "Declaration of Rights and Wrongs, their loyal Resolutions, and their earnest Appeal to the White Inhabitants of the State," asking that their manhood shall be recognized, and that they shall be governed by the laws which govern white men. Fit tokens and trophies of this new dispensation are the facts that Capt. Robert Small returns to Charleston with his "Planter," to participate in the flag-raising at Fort Sumter; that the bell of the slave mart of Charleston is presented, as a relic, to Wendell Phillips; and that William Lloyd Garrison speaks from the slave auction block of South Carolina.

In the results of the November elections, we see the expressed purpose of the people to relinquish nothing already won for freedom; and from some party leaders and presses we hear the avowed determination to win further conquests. Such progress has our glorious cause made in the land, that the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States advocates equal suffrage of white and colored citizens.

Two years ago, we counted among the victories of our cause the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. To-day we may add to that record the Act of Congress endowing those freedmen with the suffrages of freemen; for, though not yet the law of the land, its passage in the House of Representatives by the vote of one hundred and sixteen yeas against fifty-four nays, and the sure anticipation of its passage in the Senate, call upon us to swell the shout of grateful joy which went up from the Capitol when that vote was announced, and was echoed and re-echoed throughout the land.

Tennessee kept her promise of celebrating the 22d of February by the adoption of the Amendment to her State Constitution, whereby Slavery is forever prohibited on her soil; and Florida has recently, by act of convention, recorded her assent to its abolition in that State. Illinois has cleansed her statute-book from the dark stain of its infamous "black laws," which almost disproved her claim to be a free State.

The review of the past year furnishes us with signal instances of poetical justice, such as are rarely witnessed in the world's history. Charleston, the stronghold of slavery, which, in its pride and strength, defied the world, and trampled the black man under its feet, heard its doom in the martial tread of a regiment of South Carolina negroes, the first United States soldiers who entered its streets masters of the city. And, to-day, ex-Gov. Wise protests in vain against the occupancy of his Virginia estate by the daughter of John Brown and her negro pupils.

Many incidents have passed under our observation during the year, which, if possessing no great intrinsic importance, are worthy of notice as indicators of public sentiment. Among these is the appointment of colored men to offices never assigned to them hitherto, and the action of various ecclesiastical bodies in admitting colored men as delegates to their convocations, or in the adoption of resolutions advocating their political rights. Especially worthy of notice are the earnest words in which the Young Men's Christian Association of New York deplore their past unfaithfulness to the slave, and pledge themselves henceforward to the cause of freedom.

Among the most cheering tokens of the progress of our cause, the most signal triumphs of freedom, we must record the action of our present Congress. The assembling of this body was for months anticipated with intense solicitude by the friends and enemies of human liberty—each party tremulous with hope and fear. "Will Congress stand firm?" asked the anxious Abolitionist. "Congress must dare to be brave," exhorted Massachusetts' fearless Senator. It is with triumphant joy that we now respond, "Thus far, Congress *has* stood firm, *has* dared to be brave." Its opening was bright with promise. The steadfastness with which the House refused admission to representatives of rebel States, and the prompt introduction in the Senate and the House, on the first day of the Session, of various bills for the maintenance of equal justice towards the black man, foreshadowed an era of legislation unknown in our Congressional history. The records of the votes in both Houses, from week to week, upon bills and resolutions touching the rights of the colored population of the South, show how well this promise has been kept. The passage of the Bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau, by a vote of thirty-seven ayes against ten nays, in the Senate, and in the House (with amendments which the Senate will probably confirm), by one hundred and thirty-six yeas against thirty-three nays;* the passage of the bill for the protection of persons in their civil rights, without regard to color or race, by a vote in the Senate of thirty-three yeas against twelve nays, and its reference, in the House, to the Judiciary Committee, and the evident determination of both Houses to obtain an amendment to the Constitution which shall guard the freedman's right of suffrage, we hail with joy. But, thus far, the crowning glory of this Congress is the Act by which it is about to secure the freedom of the emancipated slaves of the District of Columbia. We trust that before its session closes it will do yet greater deeds for freedom, and prove itself worthy to represent a really free people.

This retrospect of victories, this joyous retracing of the steps by which God has led our enterprise on from its feeble beginning, its day of small things, to its present position, where it gloriously illustrates that power whereby one can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, naturally suggests the inquiry, "Is the triumph of our cause complete?" May we put off our long-worn armor, lay down the weapons of our warfare, and exchange the battle-cry for the victor's song? Is American slavery really abolished? Legally it is. Is freedom *secured* to our four million slaves? A survey of the situation shows us slavery forbidden by our Federal Constitution, a crime throughout the land; the rebel States, one after another, forced to yield a reluctant assent to the decree, as a condition of their return to representation in Congress and to State sovereignty; the spirit of slavery asserting itself in the legislation of these conquered provinces, breathing through their press, rife in the hearts of their people. They propose and enact "negro codes," in which many features of the old slave code reappear. South Carolina transfers the lash from the hand of the master to the judge; provides that failure to do a task shall be evidence of indolence, and indolence shall be sufficient cause for the discharge of a servant, or, if the master chooses, for complaint to the judge, "who may cause to be inflicted *suitable corporeal punishment*," or may impose fines, at *his* discretion; forbids servants to absent themselves from their master's premises, or to invite visitors thereto, without permission; forbids a servant who has left one master from making a contract with another without a certificate from the first, and then enacts that if found without employment he shall be punished by imprisonment and hard labor. This code also imposes a penalty upon any person who shall entice a servant to leave his master.

[Here follow several pages of accounts from the rebel States of acts, resolutions and declarations, indicating what are still the spirit and determination of the late slaveholders, both as relating to the late slaves, and also to the Government, to which they appear to regard themselves only as crushed or subjugated victims. As so many of these, or similar recitals, have crowded THE STANDARD columns during the last year, they need not be produced at this time.]

This survey of the condition of our four million clients reveals to us the fact that the triumph of our cause, though immensely great, is not completed; and suggests the inquiry, What is needful to its completion? Evidently, this: The bestowal upon the emancipated slave of sufficient political liberty for the protection of his personal liberty. *Under our form of government, the ballot in the hand of the freedman is essential to this liberty.*

The next question which naturally presents itself to our consideration is this: In view of the education which the war has given to the American people, and the progress which they have made towards a true appreciation of liberty; and in view of the splendid victories which our cause has won, may we not leave the completion of its triumph in the hands of the nation? If this nation were truly regenerated; if, humbly repentant of its guilt concerning its enslaved brother, it were eager to make atonement for the past, by doing full justice to him now; then might we entrust to its keeping the vital interests of those whose advocates we so long have been, confident that the transition period between slavery and freedom would be quickly and safely passed under its guidance, and our enterprise gloriously consummated by its willing hands. But sufficient evidence of this penitence and regeneration is not found in the fact that the shock of war has overthrown the system of slavery, nor in the people's loud Amen! responsive to its doom. Great and marvellous as is this change, thrilling our souls with grateful joy that our eyes have seen and our ears heard it, it is yet not enough to convince us that the freedman's interest may be safely left to the nation's guardianship. It is not enough that the people who have decreed his emancipation acknowledge his just claim to liberty; not enough that they have discovered that slavery is a national curse; not enough that parties, associations or churches assert that, being emancipated, he ought to be invested with the suffrage of a freeman; the guardianship of his rights, the defence of his liberties, can be safely entrusted only to those who will persistently demand, in the name of justice and humanity, that his tyrants shall not be restored to Federal or State power, until that weapon of protection, the ballot, be placed in his hand.

The Military Department of the Government has never evinced a hearty willingness to deal justly with the negro troops. Notwithstanding the tribute to their valor paid by many officers who have led them; notwithstanding the testimony of Gen. Grant, that, "for guard and picket duty, on the march and in an assault," they are "surpassed by no soldiers in the world, and equalled by very few," they have been grudgingly paid far less than white troops, and in many cases bounties have been entirely withheld from them.

That the interests of the freedmen cannot be safely entrusted to the President's guardianship, he has given abundant proof. His plan of reconstruction, as set forth in his instructions to the people of North Carolina and Mississippi, provides that the rebellious States may be restored to their Constitutional relations to the Federal Government, without giving citizenship to the negro. He claims and exercises the power of appointing Provisional Governors in those States; of demanding, as a condition of return to the Union, the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery, and repudiation of the rebel debt; yet will not add this most important requisition of justice for the black man. It was no conscientious fear of exceeding his Constitutional powers that held him back from doing a noble deed which his heart panted to do, and which would have given his name a place in history by the side of the martyred and immortal Lincoln; he openly deplores the agitation of the negro-franchise question in Congress. He has proved faithless to the black soldier, refusing him the bounty declared to be his due by the Attorney-General of the United States; he can and does interfere between white rebels and the penalties to which Congressional legislation dooms them, yet will not interfere between the loyal black man and the injustice done to him. He tells the negro that liberty consists in "the glorious privilege of work," and he pardons hundreds of unrepentant rebels, who go out from his presence to concentrate their hate and wreak their vengeance upon that unarmed, defenceless negro. No wonder that he wins encomiums from Southern pulpits, press and people, and that they give thanks for a President who "stands between" them "and the Radicals," "to curb the fanaticism of the North!" *Shall Abolitionists trust him?*

May we leave our work to be finished by the Republican party? That party numbers among its adherents and among its leaders men who will demand absolute justice for the colored man, and who will not sacrifice his right of citizenship to any scheme of reconstruction or any dream of power. But its State Conventions and its principal organs endorse and sustain the policy of the President; and either evade the question of negro suffrage, or openly avow, as does the New York *Tribune*, that, while they will advocate such suffrage as a measure of justice, they will not insist upon it as a condition of return to the Union. Even the Republican State Convention of Massachusetts announced that it had "no theory of suffrage to propose." And the press of this city in one breath praises the speech of Senator Doolittle in support of the President's reconstruction policy, and in the next exults over the passage, by the House of Representatives, of the bill extending suffrage to the colored men of the District of Columbia.*

The Convention of the Radical Republicans of Wisconsin, held in September last, stands in bold relief among these conventions of the party, and rebukes their timidity by its fearless speech and earnest pledges of fidelity to the cause of the black man's real freedom.

We shall scarcely be asked to leave our work in the hands of the American Church. Though her voice has a truer tone to-day than it has had through the years of our long conflict; though, in the mighty revolution which has rolled the nation onward she has made moral progress, her eagerness to recall her Southern members, whose hands are still red with the blood of the slave, proves that she does not remember those in bonds as bound with them." The churches of this city present a sad spectacle of inconsistency between their professions and practice, by refusing to exert their influence to open the doors of our city railroad cars to our colored population. This class of our people who are thus daily insulted in our streets; whom our churches insult with their "negro pews;" whom our politicians insult with arguments against their fitness to use the ballot; whom our President insults by denying them a soldier's full recompense for a soldier's full work, have borne themselves, since the commencement of the war, with dignified patience and unswerving loyalty to the Government. Brave on the battle-field, industrious and peaceful on the plantation, eagerly seeking knowledge for themselves and their children, they have refuted the slanders of their enemies, who predicted that they would revolt against order and law, and rush to revenge their wrongs upon their oppressors. In the North and the South they have assembled in conventions, and by resolutions, remonstrances and appeals to the people, have stated their grievances, and asked for redress in manly and earnest tones. The forbearance and forgiveness of injuries characteristic of this persecuted, slandered race, was fitly illustrated by that scene in the audience-chamber of the President, where three emancipated slaves consecrated their new-found liberty by interceding for the pardon of their rebel master. Verily, this nation will cover itself with infamy *if it deals* not justly with these defenceless ones, who, in the hour of its fiery trial, returned to it good for evil, blessing for cursing.

We are sometimes asked to resign our work and our responsibility to the Freedmen's Aid Society. This organization, whose ranks are filled with the benevolent men and women of the country, some of whom are just awakened from their long slumber over the wrongs of the slave, and some of whom have been his faithful champions in the dark days of our enterprise, is doing a noble work nobly. They are feeding, clothing, educating the freedmen whom slavery has plunged into the deepest poverty and ignorance, reaching out a strong hand to uplift them from their debasement, and fit them for freemen's responsibilities and duties. And the American Freedmen's Aid Union, at a meeting held in New York in May last, adopted resolutions recognizing the colored man's right to the suffrage of a freeman. Vast and important as this work is, it is not the work to which, *as Abolitionists*, we are pledged, viz.: *the completion and security of the slave's freedom*. To effect this, the freedman, whose legal fetters are broken, must be armed with the ballot before his tyrants are again clothed with State or National authority. A freeman has been well defined as "one who is possessed of all his natural rights, and endowed with civil rights sufficient for their protection." Such civil rights we must demand and obtain for the colored race in the South, before our work will be done. We may not yet sit down with folded arms, trusting in the developments of the future. We have faith that the future, the near future, is rich with harvests which await our reaping, to be added to those already garnered. But our business is with the needs and dangers of to-day, and we have no right to any faith in the future which is not accompanied with zealous labor in the present. "Faith without works is dead."

During the past year this Society has received an accession of twenty members; and has performed its work by the same instrumentalities hitherto used to influence public sentiment. By circulating the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and the *Liberator*, and contributing to their support; by the expression of our doctrines through the press; by petitions to Congress; and by words of remonstrance, warning, approval or censure, as passing events demanded, we have endeavored to do our part in the great work of converting the Northern heart to a sense of its obligations to those whom it has so long oppressed; and to a steadfast purpose to fulfil those obligations. The NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD is now the only organ of our Anti-Slavery Societies; and we regard its support and circulation as an important part of our work, in this perilous national crisis, when its vigilance as a watchman, and its fidelity in warning and rebuke are so greatly needed.

To all who are faithfully laboring in this behalf in any field and under any name, we extend our cordial greeting. We offer our tribute of thanks to that band of faithful men in both Houses of Congress who are battling for the right, and in whose steadfastness we see a promise of success.

To the *Liberator*, our pioneer journal, the morning-star of our enterprise, we bid an affectionate and regretful farewell; rejoicing that it lived to record the ratification of the Constitutional prohibition of American slavery; rejoicing that its Editor still lives to reap the harvests of his early sowing, and to bless the world by his voice, his pen and his life.

At the commencement of the year which we close to day, our hearts beat high with hope that its revolution would witness a glorious celebration of the American jubilee; that the top-stone of our temple of freedom would be laid with shoutings and Hosannas; and that we, discharged from this service, should look abroad over the vast field of humanitary labor and ask, "Lord! what wilt thou have me to do?" Suddenly and in quick succession came the tidings of the capture of Richmond, and of Lee's surrender; and the nation, electrified with joy, uttered its thanksgiving through pealing bells, booming cannon, hymns of praise, and solemn words of prayer. In that ecstatic hour, while all faces were turned upward to the heavens which smiled in brightness, came that thunderbolt which transfixed the nation with terror and grief. Abraham Lincoln fell by the assassin hand of slavery. Then men knew that American slavery was not dead. A wail of lamentation deep and loud went up from the hearts of the millions of slaves and freedmen who mourned a friend and deliverer slain. The nation braced itself against the shock; the grand machinery of popular government paused not an instant; and, while the people buried their martyred President with the highest funeral honors which a people can bestow, the tears of affection, his successor vowed to carry on the work which he had begun. The hopes which he excited, the anxiety with which the friends of freedom watched his course, the fading of those hopes, the downward progress as the months rolled on, until he who had promised to be the negro's Moses proved his betrayer, are now inwrought with our country's history. Doubtless we took counsel of our fervent wishes rather than of our cooler reason, when we expected that the national decree declaring slavery abolished would at once annihilate the system so inwrought with the nation's heart and life, and that the transition from slavery to actual freedom would be rapid and brief. The official promulgation of that decree was the signal of our triumph, over which we rejoiced with joy unutterable. We looked southward and saw the land strewed with unlocked fetters and broken chains; and when the tears of joy which veiled our eyes had fallen, we saw the enraged and defeated tyrants fastening with eager haste new bonds upon their victims. We will not pause to portray our disappointment in impotent words of regret; we will meet the demands of the present hour with the strength and courage which have borne us through the past; looking

soldier, evidence of cohabitation and living together shall be taken as proof. The resolution, as amended, was passed."

Commenting on the above, the New York *Tribune* says: "After years of war—during which the negro fought like a man—he was sent home, without a dollar of bounty, whenever his muster-roll failed to state that he was free before a certain date. Time and again the *Tribune* tried to have this unjust decision reversed. The Attorney-General did so, but the Secretary of War decided that the wrong should continue. The negroes were mustered out. Their rolls were notoriously imperfect. Not one in a hundred received any bounty. Shrewd claim-agents bought their papers for a song, and now, to benefit these speculators, to put millions of dollars in their pockets—not a penny going to the negro—a resolution is offered 'paying the negroes their bounties.' This is a great country, but when it takes a notion, it can now and then do a very mean thing."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1866.

AN OFFER

TO

STUDENTS IN ORATORY.

WENDELL PHILLIPS'S SPEECHES AND LECTURES.

A HANDSOMELY bound volume of the Speeches and Lectures of WENDELL PHILLIPS will be presented to any person who will send us three new subscribers, with nine dollars—the usual subscription price.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Thirty-third Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the City of NEW YORK, at the Church of the Puritans, on Union Square, on TUESDAY, May 8th, at 10 o'clock. In the evening, there will be another public meeting at 7½ o'clock. The names of speakers for these meetings will be duly announced.

On Wednesday morning at ten o'clock, the Society and its friends will hold a session for business, in the lecture room of the same church.

The rights of the Negro are to day in more fearful peril than at any period since the first fire on Sumter. We appeal to the friends of freedom to come together and see what may be and should be done to strengthen the hands and hearts of those who are fighting his battle.

In behalf of the Executive Committee.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Pres.

C. K. WHIPPLE, A. M. POWELL, } Secretaries.

REVIVALS.

THE Oberlin *News*, a political paper, says:

"The ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, with characteristic spite, devotes a column to what it calls 'a revival of pro-slavery religion in Boston.' It refers to the religious efforts of the Congregational churches there, and its venom comes from the fact that Rev. Nehemiah Adams is laboring for the revival."

The Boston *Congregationalist*, an Orthodox religious journal, on the same article has this:

"The Boston correspondent of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD makes merry in more than a column of ridicule, of what he terms the attempt 'to manufacture in Boston for some months past a revival of pro-slavery religion.' He judges that such a revival must be 'pro-slavery' because the movement originated in Dr. Adams' church."

The readers of both these aggrieved ones might like to see the letter of our correspondent, but it is too late, now that the strictures have been made upon it. Oberlin is right about the "characteristic spite." The STANDARD always has had a spite of its own. It would improve a good many other journals to imitate it. From the first, its motto has been, "WITHOUT CONCEALMENT, WITHOUT COMPROMISE;" sentiments with which Oberlin has long shown itself most unfamiliar, and pre-eminently so in its support of the present Governor of Ohio, whose speech and letter before election, and conduct since, have made him a dishonor and reproach to a State that had a Giddings once, and still boasts a Ben Wade and Chief Justice Chase. The "spite" of the STANDARD consists in speaking boldly, earnestly, truly, of men and things, so far as they are open to criticism, to censure, or to commendation. A standard-bearer some eighteen hundred years since had occasion to ask of the progenitors of the Oberlin and Boston type of Congregationalists, "Am I therefore become your enemy because I tell you the truth?"

This country has been for more than twenty years familiar with what are called Revivals. And the church in that time has depended on them mainly for her increase of numbers, if not of power. Religious excitements to a limited extent have been common here, since the times of George Whitfield. The present description of revival is about as old as the American Anti-Slavery Society. "Four days' meetings" began about 1830. Their results, if results followed, were called (or miscalled) "reformations." Sometimes we read, or heard of "great reformations;" and distance lent enchantment to the view, or, at least, enlargement. These meetings began among the Methodists. It was the *camp-meeting* somewhat, taken in from the woods and reduced to meeting-house order and dimensions. For some time they were confined to the Methodists and one or two other less popular sects. Congregationalists and Presbyterians opposed them. Their pulpits and presses were loud in denunciation of them. The Episcopalians have always repudiated the *innovations*, as the new movements were called, but never more sternly than did all the great, popular denominations, in the beginning of them among the Methodists.

But the new measures, (another name by which the movements were often called) began in a short time to attract general attention, and to invade other sects, and those, too, that had been loudest in their disapproval of them. Among the Presbyterians of New York and the Congregationalists of New England there appeared a new order of preachers, called Evangelists. Of these were Finney and Foot, Burchard, Knapp, Swan, and many others, some of them still extant; though mostly, in one form or another, they are fallen asleep. Some of these men made much commotion among the churches, especially among the clergy. Comfortably settled over, or on their congregations, with at least good living salaries, including the various pickings and perquisites incident to their calling, they welcomed the new apostles as some were received in Rome, Corinth and Ephesus a good many years before, with the cry, "these that have turned the world upside down, are come hither also!"

But the strange fire spread as through the withered verdure of the prairies. And in New England, New York and the then young West, the "new measures" were accepted and adopted by Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Baptists, as heartily as they had been by the Methodists and others less popular, or little known. The nomenclature had to be somewhat refined to meet a more elevated, or fastidious religious taste. The "Four days, meeting" was called "protracted meeting," henceforth. "Revival" took the place of "Reformation." The "Inquiry meeting" was substituted in form and name for the "anxious seat," and for "coming forward to the altar for prayers." And "have entertained a hope," was said of such persons as before were "brought out," or "converted." With their new and mighty enginery, the clergy wrought wondrously for several years. In 1835, the fame thereof reached Great Britain, and the Independent churches there deputed two eminent ministers to visit this country and examine the character of a work that seemed to many, the very harbinger if not consummation of "the latter day glory." Whatever else might have resulted from their visit, they certainly did not light their candles at the new altar; for no similar illumination has ever appeared *to any great extent* in England. And so the young Spurgeon stands pretty much alone in his glory, a mystery and wonder to the Dissenting church, but a spiritual Rinderpest to the whole Established religion, as far as his influence extends. One alarming consideration to the clergy in the new revival measures was, the calling into more active service, and so augmenting the influence of the lay membership of the church. Against this the pulpit strove, and Andover Theological Seminary uttered its awful voice. Rev. Dr. Woods asked in a sermon at the ordination of his own son (addressing the clergy present), who of you brethren, are willing that every one called an *evangelist* or lecturer, puffed up with pride and self-sufficiency should thrust himself into your pulpit and assume your work, or any part of your work?" * * * * "The throne of a king is a high place; but how much higher is the pulpit!"

An apologist for revivals, who endeavored particularly to rescue them from the charge of tending to produce insolence or arrogance among the lay church members, was found in Rev. Dr. Harkey of Maryland. His letter detailing his own experience was widely circulated over the country. He said:

"The church must carry on revivals. Ministers alone cannot and ought not to do it. All our meetings this winter have proved the efficacy of lay help. I have only preached, administered the ordinances and superintended—the members have done the work—members converted under my own labors. But asks one, what can laymen do? I answer everything but preach and administer the ordinances. But, asks another, do not your men become stubborn and ungovernable when you send them to work: and all want to be preachers and to take your place? I answer, no. *They would not crook their finger without asking me first!* I am their pastor, their shepherd, their general; *and they do not move till I give orders.*"

The Pastoral and other authoritative letters and mandates of the time, as well as the general usages in the churches were quite in keeping with the despotism of Dr. Harkey, as all can witness who ever came in contact with them.

A very slight knowledge of human nature and of mental and moral philosophy would enable any one to predict without miraculous inspiration, what must be the character of these revivals. And to investigate, or even to condemn them, should subject no one to the charge of "spite," irreligion, or a wish to undermine any of the foundations of morality, virtue, or true holiness. The Hebrew prophets spent their lives and gained their martyr crowns rebuking and denouncing the popular and well-established religion and priesthood of their times. Similar work and reward, too, awaited the founders of the new and better dispensation.

But the charge against our correspondent, both from Oberlin and Boston is, that he doubts the genuineness of a revival of religion, originated, led or directed by Dr. Adams. Once it was lawful and sensible to judge a tree by its fruit. Dr. Adams is not a sprout, or shoot, undeveloped and not come to bearing yet. He has produced many crops. He is a huge tree, a banyan, broad as the continent in extent of shadow, poison as the Upas in his exhalations; yielding fruit deadlier than the apples of Sodom or the clusters of Gomorrah. Why should not his religion be deprecated, and his revivals dreaded? No minister in all the land pursued the Anti-Slavery enterprise, on which God has now so wondrously set his seal of approval, with more spite and hate than himself. None, North or South, spread a more Pro-Slavery sacramental table. None hunted his Anti-Slavery members (the few he had), with a more unhallowed zeal. A young member of most unblemished character, left his communion on account of his determined support and defence of slavery. A vote of excommunication was of course passed, and the following is an extract from it—absence from church and communion was all the offence:

"It is my painful duty, as pastor, to send you the above vote. Now, if you are in the sight of Christ an excommunicated person for breach of covenant, no sympathy or protection which any professed church of Christ can afford you, will lessen your guilt, or restore you to membership in the Saviour's body. If we have done according to the mind of Christ in this matter, whatsoever is loosed on earth shall be loosed in heaven. Until you are truly penitent, you are, *by vote of a church of Christ*, declared to be cut off from a visible union with Him and cast out among his enemies, and to the power of the god of this world, that your spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. Let me affectionately and solemnly exhort you to consider your ways, and in time to repent and escape the doom of apostates from Christ. I remain your friend,

"N. ADAMS,
"Pastor of Essex st. Church."

In two volumes, at different periods, as well as in letters and in other ways, Dr. Adams was the apologist of Slavery and the willing accomplice of Slaveholders; defending them against the rebukes and warnings of the Abolitionists, sitting with them at sacrament, and co-operating with them in all manner of missionary and tract operations, even when books and tracts were feloniously mutilated to suit the turn and taste of Slaveholders, provided always the "*heathen*" were not those of his own making. In 1854, he published his famous "SOUTH SIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY," a most unblushing doxology in honor of the infernal institution. At its blasphemies, even a good many pulpits shuddered. Before its frightful falsehoods, church members stood aghast! He even apologized for that African Slave Trade which the American Congress more than thirty years before, had decreed to be piracy, and the penalty death! He said, page 207, "Could villages and tribes of Africans by *any means* be induced to emigrate to this land and be placed under the influences which the slaves enjoy, Ethiopia would stretch out her hands to God sooner than the most sanguine interpreters of prophecy now dare to hope!" And again when he saw the slaves in their meetings, he could not but exclaim, "*Would that all Africa were here!*"

For a plan of abolition, he told us "The South is best qualified to lead the whole country in plans and efforts for the African race." He said, "*We must in some way* prevent the annoyance to which Southern travellers are exposed, of having their servants enticed away, or *brought before the Courts* to be emancipated. On page 128 he most atheistically declares, "While the Constitution of the country remains, *all our appeals to a 'higher law,' are fanaticism!*"

The second Pro-Slavery volume was entitled, "The Sable Cloud." It evidently failed to be more infamous than its predecessor, only because the author, like the spent torpedo of the tropical lakes, had exhausted his diabolical energies. Fortunately, however, the book had scarcely got to market, before its wizzard peeping and muttering were silenced by the thunder of the war, and it vanished into the unknown forever.

And now that the terrors of war have ceased, this same Nehemiah Adams, Doctor of Divinity, again comes prowling forth like a ravening lion after the earthquake, essaying to awaken the community with a revival. But the counsel, "Ye shall know them by their fruits," was not better eighteen hundred years ago than to-day. Men gathered no grapes of thorns then—we shall pluck no figs from thistles now. If the Judgment of the last years, hurling our land into lakes of fire, brimstone and blood, in more than two thousand battles, have not taught us wisdom, then indeed we are abandoned to our strong delusions. The religion of the like of Doctor Adams has been our destruction. Men, churches, the nation trusted in it, believed in its revivals, its ministers, its ordinances, and spurned those who exposed its infidelities, its insufficiencies, its hypocracies, as the emissaries of Satan. The South boasted of its revivals, as well as the North. Slavery interpreted the Bible for both; ministered at the altars of both; sat at the Sacraments and Love Feasts of both, while earnest, honest anti-slavery was turned away; like Dr. Adams's excommunicant, "*cut off and left to the power of the god of this world!*" Anti-Slavery ministers were rejected as well as others. They are even unto this day. Loyalty to the King of Heaven in the church of the Puritans, and in the heart and mouth of its faithful minister, is an offence and stone of stumbling to all who still believe in Andrew Johnson, the Republican party, and in Dr. Adams and his atheistic doctrine that it is "fanaticism" to set the higher law, the law of the Highest, above a human Constitution.

Verily, the full mission of the STANDARD and its Boston correspondent is not yet accomplished. There should be no *revivals* of that religion on which Slavery fed and fattened, until it opened its mouth like the dragon in the visions of Patmos, and poured out deluges of crime, cruelty, blasphemy, to destroy the Goddess of Freedom and her children as soon as born; until God sent his angel and kindled that very flood into fire and hurled the monster deep into its billows to rise no more forever.

AN ARRAIGNMENT OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

WE give below a searching criticism and able review of the Republican party, by one whose tireless vigilance and unerring instincts entitle him to most respectful hearing. We have no doubt that history will accept his verdict. W. P.

SENATOR WILSON, in a recent speech in the Senate, said, "If it [the Republican party] should perish now in the pride of power, by the hand of suicide or by the follies or treacheries of men it had generously trusted, it would have made a record of power and glory." * * * * "The best interests of the regenerated nation, the rights of man, the elevation of an emancipated race, alike demand that the leaders of that great Union party which restored a broken Union and gave liberty to more than four millions of men, should continue to administer the Government it preserved, and frame the laws for the nation it saved."

The second proposition of the honorable Senator is as correct, as his first (which is but an apology for the ruin he forsees) is erroneous. The leaders of the Republican party *should* "continue to administer the Government." If they fail to do this, if they have squandered the possibilities of empire, if they lose the control of the nation they might have saved, if they suffer four millions of men to be cheated of their freedom, if "in the pride of power," the Republican party perishes by the suicide of cowardice or impotence, or by the follies or treacheries of men it has foolishly or treacherously trusted, it will have made no record of honor or glory. With the power of the nation in its hands it should have preserved itself, organized its principles into laws, and retained the sovereignty committed to its charge. Failure to do this is a failure of party policy, a failure of statesmanship, a failure of capacity to govern, a failure of fidelity. And I warn the Senators and representatives of the Republican majority in Congress, that neither the black race of this country nor the future of mankind will hold that party or its leaders guiltless who have so wasted their opportunities, so flung away their rights, so abjured their responsibilities. The destinies of a nation are not the playthings of children, and they who have trifled with the lives and interests of this people, with the freedom of a race and the fate of a continent, are doomed to a fearful accountability before the tribunals of human judgment.

I deny that there is anything in the past of the Republican party which justifies its failure in the present. If it perishes now it has achieved nothing which entitles it to honor or respect. Neither do I accept the plea of "generous trust," in mitigation of its criminal folly in confiding its leadership to doubtful and treacherous hands. The Republican party has ever been lavish of such inexcusable generosity. With an utter want of faith in its own principles, with the spirit of compromise, born of its old Whig leaven, permeating it from centre to circumference, it has ever exhibited a weakness of purpose, a timidity of political action, a steady letting down of its platform, a constant seeking of affiliation with its opponents, a cowardly yielding to the intimidations of its foes. Ever shrinking from the support of its best representatives and noblest advocates, it has sought its leaders, with rare exceptions, in men least heartily in accord with its purposes, least to be trusted. Taking its estimates of public men from the assertions of its enemies, it has ever given a confidence to the hostile and the lukewarm which it has denied to the faithful and the earnest. Receiving its opinions upon constitutional law from the same interested authority, it has ever fettered its steps by a timid deference to the cunning and pernicious theories devised for its overthrow. No legal opinion has been considered sound, no constitutional interpretation correct, no public policy safe, without a pro-slavery democratic endorsement. And no statement has been deemed profound, no legislator wise, no officer qualified, no general competent, except he bore the democratic stamp of pro-slavery adhesion. The party, therefore, has seldom been served with faithfulness or led with honor.

The moral sense of the country, organized into the Liberty party of 1844, was weakened in the Free Soil movement of 1848, and still further diluted in the Republican party of 1854. In 1860 the first irreparably fatal step was taken by the nomination of Mr. Lincoln at Chicago. The success of the Republican party, *whoever its nominee*, had already been ensured. That success, a part of the pre-arranged programme of the secession conspirators, was predestined—was in the air—was patent to the commonest political intelligence. The heart of the country beat for Fremont, but Republican politicians declared him unavailable. Seward had openly apostatized upon his return from Europe, and his nomination had happily become impossible. The perfidious pretence of a *necessity* for "compromise," the usual readiness of honest Republicans to accede to "conservative" demands, gave us Lincoln. The people accepted him upon trust, and have not yet learned how greviously they were deceived. Succeeding to the Government in 1861, the leaders of the Republican party took hold of power with the feeble grasp of men conscious of their unfitness to rule. They *waited for events*—they did not make or control events. From 1861 to 1864, in a period of revolution and civil war, in a crisis which should have called forth the loftiest qualities of administrative ability, the Republican majority in Congress contented itself with merely tiding over temporary difficulties. Campaigns were planned and battles fought, not so much for the purpose of crushing the rebellion as to carry an election in New Hampshire or Pennsylvania. In all those eventful years the voice of a statesman was not heard in the Halls of Congress. Not until Sumner, breaking the bonds of silence imposed upon him by party discipline and the timid policy of his associates, first took up the cause of the people against the Administration on the question of the final recognition of Louisiana, and defeated for the time the purposes of Mr. Lincoln, was there any action taken by the representatives of the Republican party commensurate to the occasions before them. All through the war they had allowed the policy of Mr. Lincoln to prevail, without one word of indignant public protest, with scarcely one instance of the exercise of their prerogatives as the sovereign law-making power of the nation, to arrest the downward course of public affairs. They never once appealed to the people to raise their majestic voice against the criminal waste of life and treasure which flowed from an inefficient, half-hatred, semi-treacherous conduct of the war, nor against the formation of those principles of reconstruction, the only scope, intent, aim and effect of which were to restore the rebel States to the Union with their old rights unimpaired, their former privileges un-forfeited, with no substantial harm to slavery, with no conditions, guaranties, securities or compensations to the North. Not only did the Republican leaders not appeal from the Administration to the people—they did worse. They indiscriminately endorsed and eulogized, as well as sustained, the Administration. They uniformly represented that the course of affairs tended to a right direction. They systematically kept down the struggling expression of popular feeling. They studiously cultivated the reputation of Mr. Lincoln, until it became the settled conviction of the country that he was the embodiment of wisdom, justice, patriotism and anti-slavery purpose. They made him so powerful, they led the people to trust him so implicitly that, like automatons, they bent to the slightest indications of his will. And yet, had these men spoken to the country from their places in the Senate and the House of Representatives the words they whispered in the ears of their private friends at home, had the Republican press spread before its readers the secret knowledge it possessed, had Republican orators stated and not disguised their convictions, had the policy of the Republican party permitted an open canvassing of facts and inferences plain to common observation, the public sentiment of the loyal States might at any time have been totally changed, and the Administration compelled to take a position on the side of fidelity to the Republic and justice to the North.

I charge that the policy pursued by Mr. Lincoln gave us three years of unnecessary war, with all its fearful loss of life and waste of wealth, and left us, not only powerless to garner the fruits of our finally won and so dearly purchased victory, but hopelessly subject to the control of the very enemies we had conquered. I charge that the Republican party and its leaders are responsible for that policy, inasmuch as they failed to change it, inasmuch as they failed to decisively attempt to change it, inasmuch as they accepted and maintained the premises and theoretic conditions upon which it was founded.

The Republican party and its leaders gave us Mr. Lincoln; gave us the ruinous policy of Mr. Lincoln's Administration, with its terrible consequences and its projected evils; gave us his re-nomination at Baltimore, when they knew that re-nomination to be the the ruin of the Republic; gave us *Andrew Johnson* as the crowning work of an imbecile and betrayed party management. Where is the honor? Where is the glory?

Mr. Lincoln is dead; but his successor lives.

Andrew Johnson is the responsible creation of the Republican party. Its leaders gave him the opportunities of power, and they have since permitted him to assume the *role* of Dictator, to govern the country with autocratic sway, to plot their own political ruin, and to conspire to compass the destruction of the cause they represent. He had not been twenty days in the office to which the hand of an assassin had helped to raise him, before his policy was foreshadowed, his dark and treacherous purposes made manifest. As this policy was developed, as his declared intentions grew more and more portentous, and the anxiety of the people increased, did the Republican party give voice to that anxiety? Did it even demand through its official heads and through its orators and press the assembling of an extraordinary session of the representatives of the people? Did it disown and condemn the treasonable course of the Executive? Did it rouse in its might to resist through the channels of public opinion the rising tide of Presidential despotism? On the contrary, when it did not approve and eulogize, it maintained silence and inaction. Accepting the trick of a pretended "experiment," it meekly folded its hands and bade the usurping President bind them with the thongs of accomplished facts.

Again and again were leading Republicans last year appealed to, and urged by their fealty to liberty, by their hopes for the future of the Republic, by their love for humanity, by their regard for the material interests of the country, and for their own political salvation, to take an open stand against the President; to denounce his illegal acts and his hostile attitude; to rouse the people and warn them of their dangers; to organize public sentiment and arraign the moral forces of the country against him, so that, supported by the popular voice, they might be prepared on the opening of Congress in December to meet the inevitable issue of the people against the President, the Congress against the Executive, the loyalty of the nation against its reconstructed treason. Did they do this? No. This was "Radical." But up and down the States they went, through the Summer and through the Fall, preaching *confidence in Andrew Johnson*; preaching hope, when hope they knew there was none; preaching faith, when faith was folly; preaching trust, when trust was ruin. I deny the justification of "hoping for the best" against fact and reason. The truth is, the policy of "holding on to the President" had been adopted, and demoralizing and disastrous have been its results. Waning majorities and a disintegrated party mark its track.

To deceive the people by false hopes and unfounded congratulations; to conceal the dangers of the position and disarm anxiety; to endeavor to reach by indirect methods what might be directly accomplished; to deny the ends they desired to attain; to represent rather than to lead, and to represent their weakest and not their strongest element; to attempt to establish their defences on the quicksands of a shifting expediency, rather than to take an advanced and impregnable position; to bring the pressure of party discipline to bear on their truest and wisest compeers, and force from them an acceptance of party measures planned by the timid and wavering, rather than use that pressure to force timid and wavering men to the front—this has been the habitual line of Republican policy adopted by Republican leadership.

With the question of reconstruction open, the ground all fallow, the temper of the country at white heat, the most thorough methods demanded and expected, the strongest utterances the most rapturously applauded everywhere; with all the inducement of preservation of power, and with all the facts and arguments of national honor, of permanent peace, of financial security, of commercial interests, of advantages to trade, of relief of Northern labor from oppressive taxation, of compensation to Northern soldiers and the heirs of the dead—with all these conditions existing, and with all these facts and arguments at their hands which appealed directly to the material interests of the people in support of the policy of justice, equality of rights, and the supremacy of the North, the leaders of the Republican party quailed before the mere party catch words of the retained advocates of the rebellion. With the opportunity and the perfect means at their command of welding the public opinion of the loyal States into a solid determination against which no party could stand a day, the Republican managers did not define, and have not even yet defined, a policy worthy of the most dejected minority.

Since the commencement of the present session of Congress, the Republican majority have inaugurated no comprehensive legislation. They have sought only to tinker, not to *change* "the President's plan"; to merely prune, not to uproot and destroy; to patch the presidential suit of rebel gray, not to clothe the nation in the clean garments of loyal blue. They have not attempted to exercise their legitmate power by providing for legal and loyal governments in the reclaimed territory of the Union; they have not sought to lay down a system of permanent reconstruction. They have only sought to know what the South, the conquered party, would be "willing to accept;" not what the nation the conquering power, demanded. They have not attempted to shield the Republic from stupendous strides of despotic power; they have not dared to hurl from the imperial position he usurpes and the high office he dishonors that gigantic impostor, of whom the imperators of the Old World might learn new lessons of treachery, new scorn of popular rights, new methods of trampling upon constitutional safeguards.

With a perfidy unmatched even by their unblushing representations during the Administration of Mr. Lincoln, they have declared to an amazed constituency that there was "no essential difference between Congress and the Executive;" and, with a mistake in political tactics beyond excuse, they have allowed their deadly and defiant enemy to fight his battles *within their lines.*

That the Republican party could have saved the country after vacating power at Baltimore, is more than doubtful. But it might have exhibited the heroism to attempt it. It has not done so. The efforts of the best, the bravest and the noblest of the Republican representatives in Congress have been futile, because superficial. The rest, overawed and demoralized, prepare to surrender the country to its fate.

There is no question of the result. The end is at hand. Even revolution might not save us now. That one man who holds the political future of America in the hollow of his hand, who gained office by just such false pretences as show how thoroughly he knows that he is balking the purpose and perilling the safety of the nation, who defies the patriotic sentiment of the country and insults its representatives, who has gathered into his own person the functions and prerogatives of the legislative and judicial departments of the Government, whose official patronage subsidizes the press and corrupts public officers, who holds over the head of the nation the threat of an arranged and progressing *coup d'etat*, this man, with the Army, the Navy and the Treasury at his supreme personal disposal, proposes to carry out his purposes at whatever hazard, at whatever cost. Opposed to him are only a people who do not know their dangers, and the feeble defense of their representatives who, knowing, tremble and are afraid. Doubtless they will prove themselves brave when bravery comes too late to save, when it is an exhibition only and not accomplishment. For whatever heroism they may manifest in the yet darker days of the Republic so close at hand, no man will be ungrateful. But for the fatal past which made the mournful present, let no man claim honor or glory. For that line of policy and of conduct which brought us where we are, which gives us as the fruit of republican statesmanship and the result of the war "for the Union," at the best only a Government changed in the methods of its administration to an election monarchy, and an addition of three to five thousand millions to our national debt, let them who are responsible bear on their heads the hot indignation of a betrayed and outraged people, on their memories the maledictions of mankind forever.

I deny that this people were not themselves ready to be saved. Their only fault was that they trusted. Never did a sick child repose upon its mother's bosom with a more certain and helpless confidence than the loyal people of this country upon their loyal representatives. I deny that those representatives have done the best they could. They have only done the best they dared; and the betrayal which comes from cowardice is no less culpable than that which springs from any other motive. *The people trusted and are lost.* L. B.

COTTON—THE FREEDMEN—GEN. HOWARD.

A SELECTION of testimony in regard to cotton has been published as an appendix to a special report from the U. S. Revenue Commission, which supplies a good deal of interesting information on several topics. Whether an export duty should be levied on cotton, whether an excise should be levied, what is the state of the cotton market, what is the probable production of cotton in America and elsewhere, and whether we may expect to resume control of the English market as heretofore—all these are questions on which the Commission have found considerable evidence. They publish, also, some significant testimony relating to what is called the reorganization of labor at the South with reference to the production of cotton; and this is a matter which precedes all the others in importance, and is an essential condition of all inquiries about cotton. If we cannot grow cotton by free labor, it is no matter whether we levy a duty or an excise on it, nor shall we be much concerned in future about markets. It is cause for regret, perhaps, that the Commission do not present more evidence on this point; since there are persons, we suppose, requiring to be convinced that free labor is possible on a cotton plantation.

Mr. William King of Savannah is the first witness. He testifies that he has been a planter almost all his life, and owned two factories till Gen. Sherman burnt them. Whether he has had a pardon on that account the Commissioners omit to inquire; but he is obviously one of the reconstructed sort, and looks at affairs through spectacles of bluest blue. Mr. King thinks the cotton crop of 1866 will not exceed 1,500,000 bales "unless we organize labor. If we organize labor we may have two millions of bales." It is interesting to understand what Mr. King means by "organizing labor;" for the phrase is grown common of late among reconstructed Southerners, is heard in legislative halls, and pervades the newspapers printed in cotton States. Emigration from the North, thinks Mr. King, will take years; he has therefore "suggested another plan to Gen. Howard." The plan is "that the negroes shall be recognized as minors, and so treated." The phrase is somewhat vague, but Mr. King does not leave us in doubt as to his meaning. Let us quote his opinions on minority at length:

King (*loquitur*).—"I think there would be as much philosophy and humanitarianism in freeing all the children of Massachusetts at fifteen years of age, and telling them they must make a living for themselves, as in turning the negroes loose. They will all die off and be of no value to anybody (!) Therefore, minorship is my immediate plan. If some wise and humane system of labor should be adopted for the negro, I believe that in a year there would spring into existence at the South an energy such as we have never had before."

Q. "You think that the offer of wages will not in itself form a sufficient inducement?"

A. "The negro has no love for money."

Q. "What inducement, then, are you to bring to bear upon him?"

A. "The same motive that you bring to bear upon children to make them go to school."

Q. "Compulsion?"

A. "*Compulsion.*"

That is only one way of saying that slavery, in one form or another, though not under the old name, must be re-established at the South, in order that the former results of slavery may be attained. The notion will be scouted by many zealous people as absurd and impossible, and Mr. King be set down as a pro-slavery fanatic entitled to no consideration. By himself perhaps he is, but what shall we say if we find his ideas adopted in New England, and countenanced by no less a person than Gen. Howard, Chief of the Freedmen's Bureau? Here is the evidence:

Q. "With your past experience, do you feel sanguine of success in the attempt to organize labor, so as to obtain a successful result another year?"

A. "Well, sir, I have been in New England over a month, and I have been very much gratified to find the feeling existing, as I do, that if it be necessary, they are willing to accede to the plan of recognizing and treating the negroes as minors. *If Gen. Howard can be sustained by outside approval, he will adopt this course.*"

The statement about New England we have heard before. If we are not mistaken, some such scheme has the indorsement of Mr. E. S. Tobey, a leading merchant of Boston, and of the Board of Trade. It reminds us of a story in the Compromise days of 1850. A senior partner of a great Southern house in State st. was asked, "Do you mean to say you think slavery justifiable?" Opening his ledger, and pointing to a balance sheet in which the year's profits were summed up at $50,000, he responded, "Do you think I am —— fool enough to go into that question?" We fear the State st. species is not extinct, so we shall not question Mr. King's statement about New England merchants—but what are we to say about Gen. Howard? Mr. King, it will be noticed, makes his statement as matter of course, takes no pain to verify it, does not seem to think it open to question. He has already explained his idea of "minorship" by the illustration of children going to school on no motive but compulsion. When, therefore, he says that Gen. Howard stands ready to adopt the plan of treating the negroes as minors, he asserts that Gen. Howard stands ready to adopt a system of compulsory labor for the freedmen over whom he is put as guardian. The statement appears as evidence before a U. S. Commission; is presumably sworn testimony; and derives a certain degree of authority from the manner in which it is given to the world. Shall we refuse to believe it? If it be true, it makes Gen. Howard the most unfit man in this country to be head of the Freedmen's Bureau. Whether more or less cotton be raised in 1866 is nothing to him, except so far as it concerns the interests of the blacks. To represent him as caring first for cotton and least for the negro is to represent him as false even to his official duty. Yet, as this testimony has a sort of official sanction, it certainly deserves a denial from Gen. Howard if he is able to give it.

FLORAL INCENSE TO SENATORS.—An interesting as well as novel spectacle was presented in the Senate on Monday. During the session, twenty or thirty colored women, laden with bundles of flowers, appeared in the reception room and delivered to the doorkeeper a huge bouquet for each of the Senators who voted on Friday last for the Civil Rights bill. Attached to each bouquet was a card upon which was written the name of these Senators, and the following inscription: "We exercise the Civil Right to express our gratitude. Signed, COLORED CITIZENS." The bouquets were directly distributed to the several Senators designated, and each particular favored gentleman appeared highly delighted. Those who didn't vote for the bill seemed to wish they had. They looked wistfully at the flowers, but never got so much as a smell of them. Senator Trumbull received a floral basket, as did also the President, pro tem, Mr. Foster.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

A CORRESPONDENT in the Granite State writes that he does not understand an Editorial paragraph in the STANDARD of March 31, making the Republican party responsible for the acts of the President, "when, ever since the veto of the Civil Rights bill and even the Freedman's Bureau bill, its press, its pulpit and its leading men, in Congress and out, have repudiated and denounced him." And, he adds, "nor do I understand why the 'blood and tears of slaughtered thousands' are upon the head of that party simply because that blood and those tears have flowed by the act of a man whom they in confidence elected to office, and who has turned traitor to them and to the principles of the platform upon which he was elected."

We thank our venerable friend for his suggestions, and shall be glad to hear from him often. Perhaps the article in the STANDARD last week entitled "who are the hypocrites," may help him to a better understanding of the subject of his note. The party has not "repudiated" nor even "denounced" the *man*, nor his general policy of reconstruction; only at farthest, one or two specific acts, not at all vital to the party connection. On the contrary, they claim the elections in New Hampshire and Connecticut as their victories, and President Johnson's victories; and denounce the Democrats as "hypocrites," and all sorts of bad things, for pretending to support him. As to the Civil Rights bill, we shall see how far that is a compromise with the President on the "*half loaf better than no bread*" morality; accepting that instead of *colored suffrage*, which was held a vital party principle as well as measure at the beginning of the present Congress, but of which little is heard of late. Nor is it quite true that the President has "turned traitor to the party that nominated him." For it was clearly shown in the STANDARD last week, that he was by his own record, a traitor from the beginning of the war to that party, and its whole policy; and was acting with his "*Southern friends*"; only on other grounds than theirs, "*while trying to accomplish the same end.*"

SOUND WORDS FROM HIGH SOURCES.—A public meeting was held on Monday evening in St. Paul's M. E. Church, in this city, the second of a series to be held during the present year—the Centenary of Methodism in America.

The first speaker was Chief-Justice Chase. He said: Slaves must be educated; they must have the gospel preached to them. But this is not all that is necessary. The faith which has been pledged to them by the nation, that they shall be maintained in their freedom, must be redeemed, and to-day we have the intelligence that the Congress of the United States, representing the heart-felt sentiments and the fixed resolves of the whole of the American loyal people, have declared that these emancipated slaves shall have equal civil rights. (Applause.) A step further remains among the steps; for it is a long work this raising a whole people; but one of those steps, as I count it, is that they to whom you have given freedom must be permitted to defend it by ballot. (Loud applause.) And, speaking here between the two centuries, I should be unfaithful to my own convictions if I refrained from uttering that word before you. But, then, let us look forward. This work is all to be done; civil rights are to be secured, political rights are to be secured, fraternity is to be established, and we are to feel that every man who wears the image of God is entitled to all the rights which God has given to his children.

After a few remarks by Bishop Janes, the next speaker was Bishop Simpson, who spoke particularly for the ladies, and mentioned the reasons why the ladies should form the association they had. He spoke of other evils besides intemperance which must be combated, and expressed the profound conviction that these evils could never be effectually dealt with through legislation *until the ballot was placed in the hands of women.* (Applause.) *The women of our country are intelligent enough, and pure enough, to make no compromise with intemperance and viciousness.*

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.—Every Republican editor so far as we know, North, East and West, with one exception, rejoices with all loyal, liberty-loving men, women and children in the rescue of the Civil Rights bill from Presidential injustice and cruelty. The editor of the New York *Times* voted alone as a Republican, stands alone (it is to be hoped) as an Editor. The President cannot say, therefore, "there's *none* so poor as do him reverence!" There is one Republican editor, to attend him down the dark valley and shadow of history, into which he must enter it would seem, as into a perdition of regret, remorse and many plagues. And yet the bill, had he signed it, and were it out of the reach of Supreme Court reversal, would be but half the loaf. And if this be, as many fear, *the substitute for suffrage*, it may prove far worse than no bread.

SEEING AT LAST.—With some, even among the saints, only seeing is believing, all talk about *faith* to the contrary notwithstanding. For instance, in the last New York *Observer*, correspondent Irenæus (said to be Irenæus Prime, Doctor of Divinity) reveals what the Abolitionists have been trying to show the world and him, ever since 1831, as to the character of slavery, and its effects, not only upon the "young," but upon all who sustained as well as practiced it. But most of the church, the pulpit and the politicians had to wait till the South was all on fire with war, and then by its awful blazes they saw what all sun, moon and stars could not reveal to them before. And now Irenæus, as though some new and wonderful discovery had been made, says:

"A friend from the South, born and bred there, told me yesterday that Christian people who were once the warmest friends of slavery, now begin to *say*, yes, to say, as well as to see, that it is a blessed thing for the white people, especially the young, that slavery is dead. And if they can see anything good already in the result, surely we can see more. And I never knew anything in the way of disappointment, affliction, or trial, that did not *in the end* prove to be part of that wheel-within-wheel machinery, of God's great providence, that grinds out good for those that believe. If I have not seen the end yet, faith tells me to be patient in hope, and all will be well."

PERSONAL.

A paper down in Georgia, says an Ohio Senator, has "Ben Wade, and found wanting." The trouble is in the scales. Georgia has none large enough to weigh him.

At a recent levee at the White House, Senor Romero, the Mexican Minister, escorted the lady of President Juarez. She was attired in rich lavender silk, richly trimmed, and long trail, with diamonds. The Hon. L. D. Campbell also had a Mexican lady on his arm. She was attired in a blue silk, long trail, and fluted trimmings around the bottom, with diamond pin. Mr. Labantree, of the State Department, also escorted a Mexican lady, who attracted considerable attention. The brunette countenances and well formed features of these Montezuma ladies furnished a contrast with the American ladies, and made them the centre of attraction. It is to be hoped President Johnson was as faithful to these Montezumians as to other colored visitors who have complimented him with a call, about "*working for a living,*" *observing* "*the laws of marriage chastity,*" and other virtues of which our Southern patriarchs have been so long and so eminently distinguished.

Rev. Mr

the snows of many Winters—as he argued with infinite persistency, and with something that might pass for eloquence, against the negro as a man; his whole endeavor and highest ambition being to prove that a black man had no relationship whatever with the white man, and if he went to heaven, it was only on account of the sufferance of the Almighty; it was an act of mercy, but something not intended, and not written in the original contract of existence."

The Boston *Commonwealth* says: Within a fortnight of each other have died, in Old England and New England, three aged and eminent scholars, born in countries widely remote, and no less separated from each other by the diversity of their studies, but all devoted to learning, and pursuing through long and coeval lives the honorable labors of their vocation. President Sparks, Dr. Whewell, and Dr. Beck, may be named together, not solely from the accidental coincidence of their death, but still more from the similar tenor of their lives. Jared Sparks was born in Connecticut, in 1789, William Whewell in 1795, and Charles Beck in 1798. In 1832 Mr. Beck became Professor of Latin in Harvard College, and continued to hold the place until 1850. In 1838 Whewell became Professor of Moral Philosophy at Trinity College; in 1839 Sparks became Professor of History at Harvard College; in 1841 Whewell was appointed to the Mastership, and in 1849 Sparks was elected to the Presidency, of their respective colleges; while Dr. Beck declined, or failed to reach, a higher position than that of Professor, and, since 1850, has held only an honorary connection with the University. President Sparks resigned his office in 1853, but Dr. Whewell retained his mastership till his death, nor did he vacate the chair of moral philosophy until 1855, when he was sixty years old.

When all the chiefs of the late rebellion can give as good account of themselves as the Postmaster General, John H. Reagan, reconstruction will go itself and go all right. Under date March 13th, in Palestine, Texas (not Holy Land), he writes: "On my return home I determined that it would comport most with my self-respect and with what was due to my friends for me to avoid all participation in public affairs, and I choose not to engage in the practice of my profession—for the present at least—and have quietly settled myself down to farming. I found my farm in bad condition, though I am now getting it into a good state of cultivation, and have improved it much since the 1st of January. I have one white man and seven freedmen at work; have planted some fruit trees and shrubbery, and most of my vegetable garden and Irish potatoes, and bedded out my sweet potatoes, and planted thirty-five acres of corn, and have as much more ready to plant; have sowed down twelve or fifteen acres in small grain, and shall plant about thirty-five acres in cotton. I am orchardist and gardener myself, and when not engaged at this, or in the necessary superintendence of the freedmen, I work on the farm constantly with my own hands, and can do as much work with apparently as little fatigue as any of them. I make fence, grub, pile and burn brush, plough, etc., and am as thoroughly bronzed as other laborers."

"OUR COLORED BROTHER."

To the Editor of the Standard:

SIR: We here in New England do not sneer at this phrase so much as we did before the war. This "gentleman" has proved himself so reliable, so loyal, so brave, so long-suffering, so thoroughly trustworthy in every way, that most loyal men, especially those whose lives he has saved, are willing that we should claim him as a brother if we choose. But, now that we can use the words in peace, let us take care that we do not lose our sense of their real meaning. The freedman (when will he be a *free* man?) is our brother, and contempt and injury heaped upon him cannot be passed by as "nobody's business"; it is a personal offence against every man who believes in the fatherhood of God.

The whole family is degraded and suffers shame in the degradation of one of its members; and when men call our brother, who has been abused so long that all the manliness in us rises up to help and comfort him in his misery, "that everlasting nigger," and add the weight of their contempt to the great load which he is even now sturdily throwing off, we are despised and rejected with him.

It is our brother that Andrew Johnson (he hadn't quite got over being his Moses then) lectured in so edifying a style about his moral duties, a while ago; it is our brother that he refuses to protect from any outrage whatever; it is our brother who now suffers from fiendish rapacity and hatred, and raises himself slowly out of the dark cloud of scornful misrepresentation to his true place.

"But what are we to do about it?" ask many who do not care to do anything.

What should we do if our brother had been born of the same mother, had slept in the same cradle, played on the same door-steps, and under the same tree, raced round the same dear old house with us, and stood with us, with clinging hands and streaming eyes, over the same low grave.

But this man was not such. No: only the same Father in Heaven, only the same home above, only the same Christ and the same humanity we share with our colored brother; only our magnanimity, and our sense of justice, our sympathy and our gratitude, and whatever imperfect Christianity there is in us, call us to his side.

What can we do for our brother? This: We can claim him everywhere as ours; we can help him as ours; we can do for him as we would be done by. We can do just what we would do for any white brother, who, having borne so much, had the manliness to raise himself so far; we can do what we ought to do for a man who claims only his equal rights, but to whom we owe a large, generous support, because we are stronger now than he is—and we can take an example from him, and try not to hate the men who calumniate and abuse this, our patient, long-suffering "colored brother."

E. E. N.

CONGRESS AND THE NORTH BEFORE ALEX. H. STEPHENS.

THE Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* sends a letter, in which he says he has "had several long and interesting interviews" with Vice-President Stephens since his arrival at the Capitol, and edifies his readers with some account of the same. He says: "Mr. Stephens expressed to me his views on the President's policy, and thinks that the principles enunciated by the President in his annual message last December, and reiterated in various official and unofficial documents and speeches since, are the fundamental elements of our system of government. This policy is acceptable to the late insurgents, and is in his opinion the only basis of restoration which will command the hearty cooperation of the conservative and peace-loving people in all sections of the country. When the people of the South have complied with the conditions exacted by the President, they were entitled to all the rights allowed other sections of the country; and that Congress had no more right to dictate any additional terms of surrender than the same body would have had to have dictated the terms of surrender at Vicksburg. On the rights of the negroes, Mr. Stephens expressed his opinions fully and freely on the subject, and held in emphatic language that their civil rights should be precisely those of other people, with no separate and discriminating codes and regulations.

"Many of the legislators of Georgia, he said, had sought his advice upon the subject of a 'Black Code' of laws, designating a different and in many instances severer punishment for negroes committing certain crimes, than that applied to whites—such as hanging for rape, while the penitentiary only was given the white man guilty of a similar offence. He opposed any discrimination in defining crime or devising penalty. That Legislature finally legalized negro testimony in cases affecting their own race. This proposition he philosophically submitted to his body servant, an intelligent negro and Cuffy was highly elated to think that they had been given superior advantages over their white friends, claiming, very naturally, that the negroes were not permitted to tell the truth except when one of their own race was interested! With Cuffy's logic Mr. Stephens went back to the Legislature, and in a week, a new, just and practical law was enacted, admitting the testimony of all persons, regardless of color; leaving, of course, the credibility of the testimony to be adjudged by the Court. And Mr. Stephens successfully urged upon his people the necessity of legalizing the negroes in the enjoyment of all civil rights possessed by other persons.

"On the all-absorbing subject of suffrage, Mr. Stephens holds that under our system of government, each State has reserved the right to declare who shall exercise the elective franchise; and he does not recognize suffrage as a right pertaining to citizenship, but a granted privilege. Congress, therefore, has no authority to confer it upon any class of persons, and should not force so odious a measure upon the South. Ultimately, when the negro shall have become intelligent and frugal and incorporated by his possession of real estate into the body politic of the various States, he thinks all of them will, if from no other motive from that of interest, grant the privilege of suffrage to the blacks.

Very unfortunately, "Mr. Stephens thinks *Congress wrong* in continuing this eternal intermeddling with the reserved rights of the sovereign people of the States, and fears it may lead to unhappy results. The Radicals, he holds, are not the friends of the negro, and the Northern people are, as they always have been, wholly unacquainted with the negro character. The ostracism of the Southern people by the Radicals is exceedingly reprehensible. They should 'let alone' the populace of the States recognized by the President as in the Union and in perfect peace. The tendency is to consolidate power, and such fusion will terminate in a despotism, which he would avoid by the non-intervention by Congress with the laws and domestic institutions of the States.

"Mr. Stephens is a slim, medium height, cadaverous looking individual, with a small, keen eye, light soft hair, real squeak voice, and chuck full of original ideas. Well read, possessing a flux of language and a retentive memory—he is a fluent conversationalist. Withal, I think he has a warm heart and big soul. J. Q. T."

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, April 9th, 1866.

ON Thursday last we had a genuine specimen of a Summer day in New England. The ordinary clothing of the season became oppressive, and the shady side of the street was found most comfortable. This state of things decidedly encouraged the open-air sports which have come to be a prominent feature of our April "Fast day." The churches were open as usual, but the majority of people, old and young, so decidedly preferred to celebrate the occasion by riding, driving, walking and ball-playing, that one of our papers declared it to have been a *fast* day in the popular, far rather than in the technical and ecclesiastical sense. The streets were crowded with pedestrians and equestrians, and the Common, the Squares, and such other vacant spaces in the city as give opportunity for the games of football and base-ball were thronged with players and spectators. Times have greatly changed since Mr. Waverley, descending to the Lowlands of Scotland after his temporary residence with a mountain clan, was so struck with the quietness of a town through which he passed, that he asked his Highland guide if it were Sunday. The guide found this a question not easy to answer, Sunday not being much known in the region he came from; but the unwonted stillness of the place brought him to the conclusion that it was "either ta muckle Sunday hersell, or ta little government Sunday called ta Fast." And one feature of this change is that, however steadily routine leads the Governor of this Commonwealth to recommend every year a day of "fasting" to its citizens, the majority of our people do *not* now think a simultaneous and preconcerted going without their dinners to be an observance particularly acceptable to their Creator.

The churches, however, were by no means forsaken, especially as the people had good reason to expect from many of their ministers some notice of the then most prominent event of the time, President Johnson's Veto of the Civil Rights bill. In the majority of instances, I believe this expectation was fulfilled, though a proportion of the clergy chose to pursue their private and pecuniary interests by a continuance of the "revival preaching" now in progress, rather than direct the minds of their hearers to the urgent call which religion, justice and humanity make upon them at this time *as citizens*. Among those who recognized the special and eminent propriety of using this day to present to their congregations the claims of *public* duty were Messrs. Miner, Manning, Hepworth and James Freeman Clarke, whose hearers were well repaid for their attendance. There are some people, some parsons, and some editors, who seem to think that piety demands the exclusion of politics from the pulpit. If these people have quite made up their minds that political action had better be kept free from the restraints of morals and religion, they may as well next consider the propriety of expunging from their Bibles such texts as—"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

In one of Mrs. Stowe's novels there is a conversation about slavery on the deck of a steamboat in which two ministers join, one of whom seemed to think that the duty of Americans in regard to that subject was most clearly intimated by the Scripture text "Cursed be Canaan." A different view of the matter, very seriously presented by the other minister, called forth from a rough drover present the reflection that "There's differences in parsons." This obvious truth received a good illustration on Fast Day in the different preaching of the two pastors of the Old South Church, one of whom, as you know, belongs to the old generation, the other to the new.

Rev. Dr. Blagden (who preached that day in the Chambers street Chapel) said—according to the *Advertiser's* report—that, though he considered the principle of righteousness as fundamental in a perfect government, yet "it would be great folly for any person not experienced in state affairs to attempt to do anything more than to maintain the necessity of applying this principle to the details which statesmen alone are capable of arranging wisely."

By this convenient exercise of modesty Parson B. says, in effect, to President J.—"If you pretend to administer a *perfect* government, you must of course found it upon righteousness; but if you, as a statesman, find a particular measure desirable—such for instance as taking away the safeguards of person and property from a few millions of black people—I, being only a minister of the gospel, feel no call to protest against it."

Mr. Manning, the colleague of Dr. Blagden, took a different view of this matter, and presented it powerfully to a large audience in the Old South Church. His preliminary prayer made the appropriate confession—"We have not altogether undone the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free." The present, he said, is a time for deep solicitude, since we have been deceived, disappointed and misled by the Executive of the nation. One chief object of the people now should be the awarding of justice to every one who has helped us to rescue justice from the hands of the destroyer. God had a great purpose in founding our nation, and we may read that purpose in the ideas of liberty, equality and justice for which our fathers contended. From these ideas our national life has sprung, and our national policy should be carefully kept in the line of these ideas.

The statement that forms the basis of our institutions, "All men are born free and equal," breathes the same spirit as the Christian precept "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." The normal type of our civilization is a great, free republic in which every oppressed human being may find a shelter.

To help advance this national idea is the best course alike for our present and our ultimate welfare. The accomplishment of this idea is as important to us as the safety of the ark was to Israel. All our danger lies in turning aside from the path it points out to us.

Mr. Manning said well of the Federal Constitution that it is not a finality, but an instrument of the advancing growth of the nation. We must understand not only that it is worthy, but that it can be made worthier. The great excellence of the Constitution is its susceptibility of amendment, and it must be amended in accordance with the necessities of the nation. It indicates the height to which the walls of liberty have risen at any given time, and it should rise with them.

This principle, that the nation must proceed in the line of its original idea, shows the duty of the Administration. The President cannot of himself inaugurate a new policy. Congress is his master. Mr. Manning here exposed with just severity the misuse by the President of his appointing power, and his frequent use of the pardoning power before the trial of the accused, in utter disregard of the Constitution. The partisans of the Executive defend his course at the expense alike of reason and justice. They make him always weak to protect freedom, but always strong to aid rebellion. Nevertheless, Andrew Johnson cannot change the appointed course of this nation. The people stand above the President, and he *must* do the people's will.

The South now, dropping its weapons, resumes its former arts of intrigue. Oligarchy has failed under the name "Slavery," but its partisans will now strive to accomplish their purpose under some other name. That purpose, however plausibly christened, must be strenuously opposed. Freedom, the idea of the Plymouth pilgrims, is the national idea; the true theory of reconstruction, then, is to Northernize the South. The Southern idea of government is a poisonous exotic on our soil, and must be extirpated. The laborers of a nation should be its voters, and the South must recognize this truth. The question when ought the Southern States to return must be settled by ascertaining when each has become *fit* to return. Free schools, free churches and the introduction of skilled labor must transform the South, before it can take its part in maintaining and perpetuating the great American idea.

We have vowed (Mr. Manning said in conclusion) that the black soldiers who helped us gain liberty shall share it equally with us, and we must fulfil that vow.

The expected and much desired news of the passage of the Civil Rights bill by more than the required two-thirds in the House of Representatives at Washington has just arrived here. Surely we may now thank God and take courage. If Congress at length understands that a check must be given to Executive usurpation, and is alive to the necessity of maintaining its rights and performing its duties even in the case of direct opposition by the President, another of our dangers is in the way to be overcome. Considering the opposition arrayed against this bill, its success is a very great victory. Considering the vast amount that yet remains to be done before our laws and customs shall allow full and equal justice to the black population of this country, we shall understand that this victory is but one step on the ladder of progress, giving us better vantage ground for the remainder of the contest. On this arena, as on others, there will be alternations of success and defeat, and we shall fail, from time to time, of some of the points that need to be carried. But we must emulate the Romans, who, though sometimes vanquished in *battle*, were always victorious in *war*. If their career of mere ambition could prevail by perseverance, how much more the just and holy cause of equal rights for which we are contending! NORTH.

LOVE—WOMAN'S CHIEF ATTRACTION.

BY LONGFELLOW.

WHAT I most prize in woman
Is her affection, not her intellect.
Compare me with the great men of earth,
What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!
But if thou lovest—mark, I say lovest—
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!
The world of affection is thy world—
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman—calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame. The element of fire
Is pure. It cannot change its nature;
But burns as brightly in a gipsy camp
As in a palace hall.

LOVE—A KITTEN'S CHIEF ATTRACTION.

BY SHORTFELLOW.

WHAT most I prize in kittens
Is their affection—not their intellect.
And if my kitten gently frisk, and
In the silken softness of her Maltese coat
Demurely wait my coming, content am I.
No rivalry I fear; and, as I gently pat
That furry head, and, listening, bend to catch
That half-uttered mew, I feel my greatness—
A kitten's lord am I—and my soul rises
In its grandeur towering sublime!
Compare me with the great men of earth—
What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!
But if thou, my kitten, lovest—mark, I say lovest—
The noblest woman on whose fair brow
Intellect hath set its seal, excels thee not.
The world of affection is thy world—
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
Which most becomes a kitten, thou sittest
Purring by the fireside of my heart,
Winking at its bright flame. The element of fire
Is pure. It cannot change its nature;
But burns as brightly in a kitten's heart
As in a woman's soul.

CONGRESS.

IT is refreshing at last to chronicle a few Congressional proceedings that have something of importance, interest and spirit, and that have also a look in the direction of solution of national difficulties in some form or other. The country will soon be ready to accept almost any arrangement that will relieve it from the terrible suspense in which it has so long hung. The passage of the Civil Rights bill over the Presidential Veto is hailed by many as a cry of "*land ho!*" We shall see as we sail along, whether it be indeed land, or only denser fog-banks than those which have so long bewildered, and made our navigation so uncertain and perilous.

On Friday of last week Mr. Lane, of Kansas, introduced the following joint resolution, which was ordered to lie on the table and be printed:

Resolved, That Senators and Representatives from either of the States lately in insurrection shall be admitted to Congress when it shall satisfactorily appear that such State has, in accordance with the advice of the President of the United States, passed laws annulling its ordinance of secession, ratifying the Amendment of the Constitution of the United States abolishing slavery repudiating all rebel debts, recognizing the debts of the United States, *and extending the elective franchise to all male persons of color residing in said State, over twenty-one years of age, who can read the Constitution of the United States in the English language and write their names, and also to all male persons of color, of like age and residence, who own real estate valued at not less than two hundred and fifty dollars and pay taxes thereon;* provided that such Senators and Representatives shall possess all the qualifications required by the Constitution and laws of the United States.

Mr. Lane said the above contained the terms upon which Mr. Johnson was willing to reconstruct the Southern States.

Mr. Brown inquired whether Mr. Lane had any assurance that the President was still in favor of the propositions above enumerated.

Mr. Lane—I have no assurance from the President of the United States on that or any other subject, but this I do know—that the Republican party, of which I am a member, is crumbling to pieces, and that every day we postpone the reception of these States insures the destruction of that party. I know further, Mr. President, that if both branches of the Congress of the United States pass that joint resolution, and the President does sign it, that it brings the Republican party, and the President of the Republican party, again in harmony. It will continue the political power of this country in the hands of that party. Mr. President, I have been laboring for months to harmonize the President of the United States with the majority on the floor of Congress. I thought yesterday that there was a hope of securing such harmony. It did seem that some of the members of this body were disposed to harmonize with the President of the United States. I proposed to go very far to secure that harmony yesterday.

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The President has been and is now, in my judgment, as anxious to harmonize the difficulties of the Union party as any Senator on this floor. If he was met in the same spirit that party would be reunited and this Union would be restored. His advances are met by insult. His advances are met by denunciation from the heads of the Republican party upon this Senate floor in language without a parallel. So far as I am concerned, Mr. President, I propose to-day and hereafter to take my position alongside of the President of the Republican party and stand there unflinchingly defending him against the Senator from Ohio as I defended his predecessor against the Senator from Ohio. Mr. President, I would be glad to have that resolution laid upon the table for the present and printed.

The Chair—That order will be entered if there be no objection.

Mr. Wade—I cannot see why my friend from Kansas is so exercised this morning. I do not know why he should be so shocked by anything I have said or done. Sir, I have certainly said nothing in opposition to the project of constructing the States that he now brings before us, I believe for the first time. When it was read, I thought it read very well. I am not at all sure that I should not be very willing to accept it. I want time to consider it. I do not know what is really in it. I do not know that I would accept it. I do not make any pledges of that. I have said nothing in opposition to his proposition, for really I do not know what is in it. I thought it sounded very well. But now, sir, for my attack upon the President of the United States. As a Senator upon this floor, I care no more for the opinion of the President of the United States than I do for that of any Senator on this floor. Who is your President, that every man must bow to his opinion, if you please? Why, sir, we all know him. He is no stranger to this body. We have measured him, sir. We know his height, his length, his breadth and his capacity, all about him, and you set him up as a paragon, and declare here upon the floor of this Senate that you are going to wear his collar. Is that the idea, that you are going to be his apologist and defender in whatever he may propose? Is that the understanding of the Senator from Kansas? I do not think that his constituents will be quite satisfied with so broad a declaration that he is to wear any man's collar and follow him wherever he may go. Did I use harsh language toward the President yesterday? All I said, sir, I stand by to-day and forever. What was the question upon which I made these observations? What has been the opinion of the President heretofore? What has been his action since? Here, sir, are three millions of people, our friends, friends to the Government, who have generously come forward in its difficulty to help us through the war, sacrificed their blood and their lives to maintain the issue on our side, who were faithful to us through the whole of the difficulty, everywhere assisting our brave soldiers in the field, and laying down their lives to maintain our principles and minister in every way to the comforts of our brave men whenever they fell into the hand of these worse than savages that we were warring with; and now, sir, these men labor under one of the most frightful despotisms that ever settled down upon the heads of mankind. Three millions of people, sir, exposed to outrages and insults and murder from these worse than savages, their former masters—murdered, as we are told, every day, their lives taken away, their humanity trampled under foot, and when Congress, under the Constitution of the United States, endeavors to tender them some little protection, how are we met here? Every attempt of your "Moses" has been to trample them down, making them worse and throwing every obstruction in the way of anything proposed by Congress.

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How, sir, stands this matter? The President of the United States did at an early period profess to be the protector and friend, the Moses of these men, to lead them from bondage to liberty. How has it been? He has, to all appearance, become their inveterate, relentless foe, making violent war upon any member of Congress who dares to raise his voice or give his vote in support of any measure for the amelioration of the condition of these poor people. Talk to me about the President being their friend! When did it ever happen before, that a measure for the relief of suffering humanity, as broad and as clear as this, was met with the veto of the President of the United States? And that, too, when he endeavors to make his objections to the measure without designating a single clause of the Constitution that he pretended had been violated.

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I say he made a violent assault upon the Constitution, an assault upon the power of Congress in these repeated vetoes that are totally outside of any reason.

The morning hour expired at this point, and the veto message was taken up.

Mr. Wade continued his speech against the President's policy.

Mr. Lane rose at the conclusion of Mr. Wade's speech and said: The Senator from Ohio, forgetting the position he occupies, has suggested that I have taken upon myself the collar of the President of the United States. I hurl the suggestion into the teeth of the Senator from Ohio as unworthy a Senator. We wear a collar! The pro-slavery party of the United States, backed by a Democratic Administration, sustained and supported by the army of the United States could not fasten a collar upon the handful of which I had the honor to be the leader. The fight the Senator from Ohio made in the Chamber—and a gallant fight he made, aided by other Senators—would have been of but little avail had it not been for that other fight upon the prairies of Kansas, under the lead of your humble speaker. He wear a collar! Indicted for treason by a Pro-Slavery Grand Jury—hunted from State to State by a writ founded upon that indictment for treason—a hundred thousand dollars offered for my head! Jim Lane wear a collar! (Laughter) Mr. President, wherever he is known that charge is denied as false by both friend and enemy. Mr. President, I desire to call the attention of the Senator from Ohio to the statement I have read from his speech yesterday. The President of the United States is not here to answer for himself.

Mr. Wade—I wish he was.

Mr. Lane then read the extract given above, and he said he appealed to Mr. Wade to withdraw the serious charge he had made against the President. Toward the conclusion of his remarks he replied that he referred to the Connecticut election; one more victory like that, he said, would ruin the Republican party. It was the first scratch of the handwriting on the wall. He was not the defender of the President's speech of the 22d of February. He believed the President was excited (laughter) when he made it; he had been provoked to it by what had been said of him in Congress.

Mr. Brown of Missouri, took the floor to correct a statement by Mr. Lane in relation to the position of Senators in the Winter Davis reconstruction bill. He, Mr. Brown, had voted for universal suffrage in that bill, and he desired to reiterate that statement, and say that no proposition at any time looking to the readmission of the lately rebellious States would receive his vote *unless it provided for universal suffrage without regard to race or color.*

Mr. Doolittle said he was not present when the Civil Rights bill was passed, but had he been here he should have voted for the measure. Since the passage of the bill in the Senate he had read the very able speeches of Messrs. Bingham and Delano, of Ohio, and the objections to the bill as set forth in the veto message, and these had caused him to give the measure his earnest consideration. It contains propositions upon which men in whom we had undoubted confidence differ. He wished the bill could be placed in charge of the Judiciary Committee, and that committee would frame one which would avoid the objections raised to it in this body, in the House, and by the Executive. He was desirous of preserving amicable relations between Congress and the Executive. There were three years yet of this administration, during which the country may live or perish. He had discovered the elements of a collision before the session of Congress, and he had striven and would strive to prevent it. He saw among his friends a disposition to act toward the President as though the Executive were unworthy of their counsel. He deprecated this feeling. Gentlemen belonging to the Union party denounced others of that party for supporting the President and his policy, and they called the President a traitor for arraigning that policy. Mr. Doolittle proceeded to show the adoption of this policy step by step by Mr. Lincoln and his administration, its indorsement by Congress as late as March of last year, the reiteration of this policy by Mr. Lincoln, in his speech but three days before his death, and the faithful adoption on the part of Mr. Johnson of the measures and policy adopted by and in process of consummation when the present executive succeeded Mr. Lincoln. The latter had laid down the track on which the car of State was to move; the train was moving on, when in come some gentlemen who claim to be wiser than Mr. Lincoln, and throw obstructions upon the track, and throw the car of State off the track. Mr. Doolittle said he had received a dispatch informing him that the Legislature of his State had passed a resolution requesting him to vote for the Civil Rights bill, the President's objections thereto notwithstanding. He had already set forth at length his objections to the measure, and he could not vote for it, and would abide by the consequences. He entertained the highest respect for the gentlemen composing the Legislature of his State. But, standing where he did, he saw what they could not. They were at a distance, and influenced by a party press, and persons interested in a continuation of disorder in the South. Mr. Doolittle read letters from gentlemen of great intelligence sojourning in the South to prove that shameful misrepresentations of the real sentiments of the Southern people have been made by newspapers through their correspondents. One of Mr. Doolittle's correspondents says that the accounts in the Northern press are mere caricatures of Southern sentiment; and that he had never heard of any conspiracy, or effort, or intention of any kind, to resist the Government or the laws, or to oppress the negro.

Mr. Davis rose and said he would proceed a good deal like an October rain, with deliberation and very much at his leisure. He proceeded to speak against the Civil Rights bill, and in favor of the veto. Toward the conclusion of his remarks Mr. Davis said if the bill now before the Senate became a law, he should feel compelled to regard himself as an enemy of the Government and to work for its overthrow. He wanted no bureaucracy to govern this country.

Mr. Saulsbury took the floor and said—I rise to say, sir, that in my judgment the passage of this bill is an inauguration of revolution. It is well, sir, that the American people should take warning and set their house in order, for it is impossible that the people will patiently submit to it. Heaven knows that we have had enough of bloodshed, enough of mourning in every household. There are too many new-made graves for any one to wish to see more. Attempt to execute this law, within any State of this Union, and in my judgment this country will again be plunged into all the horrors of civil war. In my own State, an humble State in point of numbers, but a State of gallant sons, your law will never be observed by the Judiciary of that State, most of them of the Republican party. There is not, I say, a Republican Judge, we never had a Judge so dead to the teachings of the great luminaries of the law as to attempt to enforce such a flagrantly unconstitutional law or act as this. I shall not again enter upon the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the act. But, sir, if it be not grossly, palpably, flagrantly unconstitutional, then five and twenty years of some diligent study of the law have availed me nothing. In conclusion, Mr. Saulsbury predicted that the passage of this bill would lead to bloodshed, war and disunion.

Mr. Yates wished to say, let the Union people of this country and their Senators and Representatives march forward in performance of their duty, and let them do it now and hereafter.

Mr. McDougall (Cal.) spoke of this bill as revolutionary and unconstitutional—one of a series of revolutionary measures now before Congress.

The vote was then taken on the question—shall the bill pass, the President's objections notwithstanding; and the result was as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Anthony, Brown, Chandler, Clark, Conness, Cragin, Cresswell, Edmunds, Fessenden, Foster, Grimes, Harris, Henderson, Howard, Howe, Kirkwood, Lane (of Ind.), Morgan, Morrill, Nye, Poland, Pomeroy, Ramsey, Sherman, Sprague, Stewart, Sumner, Trumbull, Wade, Willey, Williams, Wilson, Yates—33.

Nays—Messrs. Buckalew, Cowan, Davis, Doolittle, Guthrie, Hendricks, Johnson, Lane (of Kansas), McDougall, Nesmith, Norton, Riddle, Saulsbury, Van Winkle, Wright, —13.

Absent—Mr. Dixon.

When Mr. Morgan recorded his vote in the affirmative, the galleries applauded very loudly. The Chair announced, amid great applause, that the bill, having secured a two-thirds vote had become a law, but subsequently corrected the inadvertance by stating that the bill having secured a two-thirds vote had passed the Senate.

On motion of Mr. Trumbull the Secretary of the Senate was ordered to communicate to the House a copy of the result of the vote, above given.

The Senate adjourned at half-past six p.m., to meet on Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the same day (Friday), in the House another knotty question was settled (at the end of four months and four days), whether Mr. Brooks or Mr. Dodge was entitled to a seat as Representative from New York. We give a condensed but tolerably fair and clear account from the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times:*

The Dodge-Brooks contested election case was emphatically settled to-day in favor of the contestant by a vote of 72 for Dodge to 52 for Brooks. The best part of the day was consumed in the closing arguments. Mr. Brooks finished his speech and himself in his second hour, and was followed very briefly by Mr. Grinnell for Mr. Dodge, when Mr. Dawes began the closing argument on behalf of the majority report. The able Chairman of the Election Committee certainly did himself great credit in his elaborate and exhaustive speech. He went over the whole ground, and made the case clear enough to decide it in favor of Mr. Dodge. At the conclusion, Mr. Raymond occupied a few moments in defending Mr. Dodge from the charges derogatory to his character which Mr. Brooks flung around so promiscuously through the whole of his speech. The various propositions were then voted upon. The proposition to refer the matter back to the people by declaring both seats vacant was lost, as was also the proposition to refer back to the Committee for further investigations. The resolution declaring Mr. Brooks not entitled to the seat was passed by ayes 83, nays 55, and the resolution giving the seat to Mr. Dodge was adopted; ayes 72; nays, 52. A considerable number of Republicans uniformly voted for Mr. Brooks, and on the last resolution Messrs. Baker, Bromwell, Ingersoll, Farnsworth, Cullom and E. D. Washburne, of Illinois; Davis and Hale, of New York; Defrees, of Indiana; Higby, of California; Latham and Whaley, of West Virginia; Marston, of New Hampshire; Pike of Maine; Paine, of Wisconsin; Spalding, of Ohio; Thayer, of Pennsylvania, and Van Horn, of Missouri, all Republicans, voted for Mr. Brooks, a thing the Democrats will please remember when charging the majority with partisanship, for not a Democrat voted for Mr. Dodge, and no one can remember when a Democrat in the House in such a case voted in any other than a partisan way. Mr. Dodge was sworn in, and will hereafter represent the Eighth Congressional District of New York. Mr. Brooks goes home to be a candidate for re-election. Next Fall he boasts that he will come back with a majority that will appal the House like a voice of thunder.

TUESDAY, April 10.—The House by previous arrangement took in hand the Civil Rights bill and with a firmness of purpose worthy of all praise rescued it from the grasp of veto anathema and enrolled it among the laws of the land. Mr. Raymond, editor of the New York *Times*, was the only Republican who voted against it, and so we will let his Washington correspondent tell our readers about it, as follows:

The Civil Rights bill is a law. The House following the example of the Senate, passed the bill at three o'clock to-day by the large vote of one hundred and twenty-two ayes to forty-one noes. After a rainy and inclement Sunday the sky broke bright and clear this morning, and at an early hour the avenue was alive with visitors proceeding to the Capitol, and before the hour of twelve the House galleries were crowded with spectators.

At the expiration of the morning hour, ten minutes past one, Mr. Jas. F. Wilson, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, under whose special control the bill had originally passed the House, got the floor, when Mr. Eldridge, of Wisconsin, and Mr. Ancona, of Pennsylvania, simultaneously demanded the "regular order" in the hope apparently of delaying action, but this was promptly met by Mr. Wilson, who moved to proceed to the business on the Speaker's table, which, the Chair said, took precedence of all other motions or business.

The bill and veto message were then read, which occupied one hour.

Mr. Wilson then said that when the bill was before the House on its passage two weeks were spent in its discussion—over forty speeches being made—and opportunity given to everybody who wanted to discuss it. He therefore hoped the House would sustain him in the demand for the previous question, which he then made.

Here the Democrats took umbrage at what they deemed the abridgment of debate, and began to filibuster. Several dilatory motions followed, when a motion to lay it on the table was voted down, ayes 37, nays 121.

The previous question was then sustained without a division, and the main question ordered.

Then began the roll-call leisurely, distinctly and emphatically; the responses coming with equal clearness and emphasis, disclosing as the remarkable result that every member present, with one exception, responded in the regular order of the call of the roll. The Speaker then ordered his name to be called, which done, the vote was read and carefully footed up, and the Speaker formally announced that the Civil Rights bill, having passed the Senate by a two-thirds vote, it had become, according to the Constitution, the law of the land.

This was succeeded by a scene of the most tumultuous applause, both on the floor and in the galleries, lasting for several minutes, and participated in by ladies as well as gentlemen, black as well as white, and amid which at 3 o'clock the House adjourned.

Seldom, if ever, in the annals of legislation in this country has such a scene been witnessed on the passage of any legislative measure. The House was unusually represented, there being only 18 members absent, while several others had telegraphed that they were on their way, but failed to arrive in time. Three members were present who did not vote, making 21 members who failed to record their votes. Of those absent, Messrs. Ames of Massachusetts, Anderson of Missouri, Blaine of Maine, Hubbard of New York, Dumont and Julian of Indiana, Kuykendall of Illinois, Sloan of Wisconsin, Warner of Connecticut, Culver and Williams of Pennsylvania, and Driggs of Michigan, in all twelve and all Republicans, would have voted for the bill. Messrs. Blow of Missouri, Bingham of Ohio, and Stillwell of Indiana, Republicans, and Goodyear, Jones and Chanler, of New York, Grider of Kentucky, Johnson of Pennsylvania, and Kerry of Indiana, Democrats, in all nine, would have voted against the bill, making the total, in a full house, one hundred and thirty-four against fifty. Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, did not vote because paired with Mr. Williams, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Stillwell was paired with Mr. Julian, and Mr. Driggs, the only other member present who did not vote, missed the opportunity by being unintentionally absent when the roll was called. The Republicans, or those elected on the Union party issue against Democratic opponents, who voted against the bill were Messrs. Raymond, of New York; Phelps, of Maryland; Latham and Whaley, of West Virginia; and Smith, Rousseau and Randall, of Kentucky, in all seven. Mr. McKee, of Kentucky, was the only member from that State who voted for the bill. Of the Republican members from New York City and Brooklyn, Messrs. Dodge, Darling and Humphrey voted aye, and Mr. Raymond no. To-night everything is quiet, and there is little or no excitement over "the situation." The House adjourned as soon as the vote was declared.

Next week we will find room for at least all the essential features of the act itself.

In the Senate the most important work done was the adoption of the Loan bill by vote of 32 to 7. The bill is as follows:

AN ACT TO AMEND AN ACT, ENTITLED "AN ACT TO PROVIDE WAYS AND MEANS TO SUPPORT THE GOVERNMENT," approved March 3, 1865:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Act entitled an Act to provide ways and means to support the Government, approved March 3, 1865, shall be extended and construed to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury at his discretion to receive any Treasury notes or other obligations issued under an act of Congress, whether bearing interest or not, in exchange for any description of bonds authorized by the act to which this is an amendment, and also to dispose of any description of bonds authorized by said act, either in the United States or elsewhere, to such an amount, in such manner, and at such rates as he may think advisable for lawful money of the United States, or for any Treasury notes, certificates of indebtedness or certificates of deposit, or other representatives of value which may have been issued under any act of Congress, the proceeds thereof to be used only for retiring Treasury notes or other obligations issued under any act of Congress. But nothing herein contained shall be construed to authorize any increase of the public debt; provided that of United States notes not more than ten millions of dollars may be retired and cancelled within six months from the passage of this act, and thereafter not more than four millions of dollars in any one month. And provided further that the act to which this is an amendment, shall continue in force in all its provisions, except as modified by this act.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That the Secretary of the Treasury shall report to Congress at the next session, the amount of exchange made or money borrowed under this act, and of whom, and on what terms; and also the amount and character of indebtedness retired under this act and the act to which this is an amendment, with a detailed statement of the expense of making such loans and exchanges.

SUBSCRIBERS will please note the bills enclosed in their STANDARDS, and oblige us by promptly remitting the amount due.

MARRIED.

KELLEY—SMITH.—In Chicago, Ill., March 19th, by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Mr. J. F. KELLY, Ononwa, Iowa, to ELVIRA S. SMITH, of Austinburg, Ohio.

[It is wonderful that so many are taking the whole business of both life and death into their own hands. We hear of some born without doctors, living long lives without lawyers, and being married and buried without ministers. Here we have the marriage ceremony performed by a *clergywoman* (a common occurrence, too); and yesterday we read of an instance where the parties, before suitable witnesses, performed the ceremony themselves. Truly the world is awake, and chartered for great accomplishment.]

DIED.

PENNOCK.—On the 27th of Third Month, at her home in Kennett Square, MARY J. PENNOCK, in her eightieth year.

HEADLEY'S HISTORY OF THE WAR.—See its advertisement in the proper place. The work not having reached us, we can only say that it is very highly recommended in quarters entitled to credit.

American Anti-Slavery Society.

Acknowledgments from March 1st to April 1st, 1866.

1395	Geo. T. Hill	$3 00

Miscellaneous Department.

LONDON BOYS.

From the Reader.

THE male juvenile population of London wields a power which it would be hopeless for a like section of the community to attempt to set up anywhere else. The fact has struck most people, and presents itself in one shape or another to everybody's notice every day in the week. But it is precisely one of those well-known facts which society agrees never to mention. Some persons are restrained from talking of it by prudential considerations; as an anxious mother refrains from reproving a bad habit in a child, lest she might confirm what she wishes to check. Others will not interfere, because they don't care about it; and many who do care are too lazy to speak out, suffering the infliction in preference to incurring the trouble of justifying their opinions. What is everybody's business is nobody's business; and hence this crying grievance of London Boys flourishes with impunity.

It must have been otherwise in former times. This affliction of the streets has grown up to its present monster proportions within the current century; and it continues growing. It would be against the grain of reason to suppose that in the old stately ages of our history, or even in the jaunty days of Ranelagh Boys could have been what they are now. We take it for granted that they were born with an entirely different set of notions of themselves, and of the surrounding world in which they were permitted to expand. Probably the low posterns, or the dim lattice windows, or the narrow causeways, or the mighty farthingales that created awe wherever they moved, or the long waste stretches of ground, relieved here and there by gardens and orchards that interposed between the patches of streets, may have had something to do with it; but it is not to be conceived that in times when there were great city processions, and masques, and mummeries on the highway, when there were sights to be seen out of doors which filled the eyes and thoughts of old and young, and when reverence was paid to functions and offices which have since fallen into contempt—it is not to be conceived that Boys had it all their own way, and maintained such a reign of terror as they do now. From the earliest ages they have been wiser than men; but that seems to be a providential arrangement, by which practical lessons are, as it were, taken by storm out of life in the first ardor of youth, that could not be obtained by the natural process of growth. We do not object to their supremacy as philosophers, because that is a dispensation which, whatever social disturbance it may occasion, is pretty sure to come right in the end. But we do object to their violent assertion of exclusive rights on the pavement of the metropolis. Old heads upon young shoulders is one thing; but heads with brass throats and a corresponding supply of implements of war is another. We are ready to admit that "Youth's the season made for joys," but we strenuously object to the new reading—"Youth's the season made for noise."

Why the existing generation should be more riotous than its predecessors is a question we will not undertake to solve. Perhaps the diffusion of knowledge is implicated in the responsibility; or the rapid increase of population by which the young may be destined to force the old off the scene, as the enlightened white man pushes forward on the hunting-grounds of the Indian; but, whatever may be the cause, the fact is patent. Take an example or two.

Look at that little creature coming up the street, close to the railings. As compared to the men and women about him he is a mere midge. Listen to him. He is yelling a popular melody in a manner peculiar to his species, and scraping an accompaniment upon the railings with a piece of stick as he rushes along. This midge makes more noise than the whole of the pedestrian population, and that, too, of a singularly excruciating kind, arising from a certain eccentricity in his method of delivering the notes. The wonderful thing is how he does it. You could not do it. Nobody could do it except a little animal of this special organization, which seems literally charged with a kind of reptile thunder. The sounds he produces are of incredible volume, and break out with appalling suddenness and velocity. Imagine what might be the consequences if this morsel of a bomb were to explode on the flags close to a lady in a delicate condition of health. We dare not follow out the speculation.

Here comes another. This urchin has taken it into his head to imitate the cry of some itinerant vendor, whose voice he has heard just round the corner; and the imitation is a frightful exaggeration of the unintelligible original. You can make neither head nor tail of it. The wretched boy himself, probably, does not know what it is he is trying to proclaim, and does not care; and would rather not know, for the sake of giving free scope to an *ad libitum* of his own. He has caught a yelping rhythm, which is quite enough for his purpose, and he flies along with frantic hilariousness to communicate it to the quarter of the town to which he is bound. The brains of the quiet people he passes are stunned by the intermittent roar.

The multitude and versatility of the species, of which these may be considered mild examples, are as impossible of statistical record as the leaves of the Peruvian forest to which the Cacique refers Pizarro for the numbers of his host. They swarm everywhere, at all hours, and are endowed with perpetual motion. Wherever you turn, you see them leaping, running, fighting, playing, or twisting themselves into horrible contortions, out of sheer exuberance of spirits. One youthful genius has got possession of an accordion. His rapture is the nearest thing to insanity, and he goes about like a lunatic, executing dreadful reveries on the instrument, and finding out bits of tunes. He crows everlastingly; and the crow that comes out of him is as disproportionate to his calibre, as a cannon-ball to the bore of a child's pop-gun. The art of whistling is of more extended range, and is cultivated with ear-splitting vigor. It may appear an odd thing that girls cannot whistle; but it is obviously one of the economical provisions of nature, by which limits are assigned in the animal creation to the means of mutual destruction.

Then there is the sprightly game of tip-cat, by which horses are startled, old ladies frightened out of their wits, windows smashed, and people who come within the line of fire deprived of their eyesight. Also that enigmatical amusement called Scotch-hop, played by frolicksome elves, who chalk the flags into lozenges, and jump about in and out of them between your legs. Nor should the winter-slide on the parapet of the curb-stone be forgotten, which offers such favorable opportunities for putting hips out of joint. The best stocked conjuror's warehouse yields a beggarly display of resources in comparison with the gambols Boys bring to bear upon the limbs, nerves, and senses of the foot-passengers of London.

These are apparently trifling things to write about; but they are not trifles in reality. They are absolute evils when we are under their infliction. Whoever has observed the career of an uproarious helter-skelter boy through the streets, knocking himself up against whatever comes in his way with alarming unconsciousness of danger, must be satisfied that the sprite who is so indifferent to his own safety has never conceived the idea of taking into consideration the safety of others. It is this conviction that awakens so much alarm in the minds of nervous people at sight of one of these young demons. Then there is a physical fact which gives an additional momentum to the terror with which his approach is regarded. The brawniest man, with the most copious chest and the lustiest lungs, could not by any effort produce such shrill, detonating sounds as those which the Boy throws off in sheer recreation. A pistol fired close to your ear would be no more than the snap of a cracker contrasted with the sudden yell of a truculent imp, whom you might pick up between your finger and thumb, and pitch out into the highway as you would a frog.

The small troubles of life are seldom looked after very carefully, because they demand more watching in detail than they are supposed to be worth. This is a mistake. Practically, small things govern the whole system of the universe. It is the grain of sand that makes the sea shore, the feather that breaks the camel's back. Alliances that have been proof against tempests have been broken up by trifles. There is a constant waste and drain of time and temper where small things are neglected; and the habit of attending to them wonderfully diminishes the necessity for doing so. Our street boys constitute one of those small vexations, which we forget as soon as they are over; but which, recurring perpetually, become a serious nuisance in the long run. The question is, how is it to be mitigated, or got rid of?

Boys belong to the bone and muscle of the country. They form material out of which citizens, soldiers, sailors, and volunteers are hereafter to be made. They have as good a right to be alive now, as they will have ten or fifteen yers hence. They cannot be put down like Sir Peter Laurie's popular vice of suicide. But the right to be alive does not carry with it the right to make other people's lives miserable. The rights of society are paramount over the rights of the individual in matters that concern society collectively. Now it is clear that boys take up a larger space on the flags of life than legitimately belongs to them; and that they occupy it in a belligerent spirit. It is certain, also, that they increase and multiply and grow up faster than they used to do. There are more of them, and their intelligence is in advance of their experience. Born in a scientific age, they anticipate the slow operations of time, and know everything. They cannot be dealt with, therefore, as boys were formerly. You cannot awe them, or entice them by the same methods of natural authority. What is to be done, then? To legislate against crowing or whistling would be very much like passing a law to prevent tears or laughter. It might be a good thing to put a stop to all demonstrations of joy or sorrow, exultation or depression; but then the innocent, who give way to ther feelings gently, would suffer in common with the guilty, and natural emotions in general would become illegal. Nor can the object be effected by civil regulations, from the difficulty of fixing the limits of interference, and the well-grounded objections against confiding powers to the police which cannot be strictly defined. Nothing seems left for it but the tardy processes of education and opinion; in which we have not much faith so far as London is concerned, where the population is always outstripping the means of amelioration. Opinion on a matter of this kind has hardly any perceptible influence, because, if expressed at all, it is only in odd places, incidentally, now and then, and because it never possesses the force which belongs to volume and continuity. Education, beginning at the beginning, as gardeners paint the bulbs of tulips, suggests a more likely remedy. But how is it to be brought to bear?

Of all practical questions touching the condition and habits of the lower orders, education, as all the world knows, is the most perplexing. The poor, whenever the stream of knowledge flows in their neighborhood, have only few and scanty opportunities of drinking at it, and what they acquire has little more effect upon them than that of sharpening their faculties, without giving an improved direction to their lives. To go on in the old way, with keener wits, is rather an aggravation of the existing evil of ignorance, than a help towards its diminution. The children of the poor must be early put out to earn something for themselves. Their literary education, so to speak, embraces barely the rudiments of letters and figures, if it even embrace so much; and education of any other kind they have had none. They have been dragged up in the mire; have lived in a struggle for bread, with the wolf's appetite made ravenous by want; and when they are thrust out into the world to get something to eat, at an age when other children, more happily circumstanced, are out playing in the sunlight in gardens and fields, their vitality, which bounds like quicksilver through their half-starved frames, if left to find a vent as it may. It is not very wonderful, then, that they should shriek and hallo through the streets when they are sent abroad on out-of-door business. It is their song of gladness, and they know no other way, and have no other chance, of singing it. The printer's boy, who is pent up all day, and sometimes half the night, and who, trying to keep awake while the dismal work of reading is going forward, in which he takes no more interest than a girl of the same age might be expected to take in a discourse on logarithms, is subject duriug his incarceration in-doors to intolerable attacks of fidgets, and, naturally enough, breaks out into a tempest of delight the moment he finds himself free and at large in the open air. All this is perfectly intelligible. But how are we to remedy the inconvenince which arises to all the rest of the world from the breaking out of juvenile elasticity? Well, it appears to us that the systems of education applied to the poor are deficient in one essential element. Reading, and writing, and ciphering do not comprise the whole round of human necessities. Boys have to grow up and fight the battle of life, and in the conflict other qualities are required besides and beyond those which the mere schoolmaster teaches. It is necessary to know how to deal with other people, how to address them, how to listen to them, how to be civil and attentive, how to show deference to elders and superiors, and how to respect the feelings and rights of others. These are very common maxims of conduct, and may be found profusely scattered about in school texts, and a hundred fantastical devices of embroidery; but they are never practically taught to poor people. In the great wealthy schools the item of deportment is carefully attended to; but no such item, as addressed to the actual business of life, has ever found its way into the education of the lowest stratum of the people, where it is much wanted. The suggestion should be considered. It may not be possible to prevent Boys from making stunning noises in the streets, but the experiment of endeavoring to modify their hilarity by making the formation of something like manners a direct part of such education as they get is worth attempting.

POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

A REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

MY grandfather, a Revolutionary soldier, was accustomed to relate the following among the incidents of his experience during "the war:"

It was during the famous Jersey campaign, 1777–8. Attached to the company to which he belonged was a private soldier, an inveterate faultfinder, sour, crabbed, perpetually "disgruntled" about something; but who, nevertheless, was never suspected of a leaning toward the enemy, and had always done his duty as a good soldier of the Continental army. On one occasion, a lieutenant and a part of his company, including the subject of our story, were sent out on a scouting excursion, instructed to watch the movements of a body of the enemy who were prowling in the vicinity. It was a very warm day, and the party, after a three hours' tramp, came in sight of the foe who, being in greater numbers than was anticipated, compelled the lieutenant and his men to use "the better part of valor," and prepare for a retreat. On this "old Grouty," as he was called, lowered his musket, broke forth into a tirade against military duty in general and scouting parties in particular, and finished by declaring that he had done enough for one day and was determined to remain where he was for the remainder of it. To the representations of his comrades that he would be captured by the enemy, he replied, that such an event would be preferable to any farther exertion, and stay he would and abide the result. After exhausting argument and entreaty, the lieutenant informed him that rather than suffer him to be taken by the British and give them the information they would seek concerning our forces, if he persisted in his determination to remain, he must shoot him in order to secure the general safety. The reply was, "shoot and be hanged; I shall stay where I am."

On this a hurried consultation was held by the officer with his men, and it was resolved to experiment with him, and avoid if possible the sacrifice of his life. He was told to take his seat upon a log in the woods where they then were, and, to avoid alarming the enemy by a general volley, a single soldier from behind was to send a bullet through his heart. The announcement was received with a dogged resignation and an unaltered purpose. All being ready, the soldier detailed as executioner, at the word of command, fired a blank cartridge, while by pre-arrangement, a second simultaneously threw a small pebble smartly at the spot intended to be hit. The man fell and groaned, and the lieutenant approached, expressed his opinion that the wound was mortal, and his sorrow that his duty compelled him to the measure, bade him adieu, and then led his party to the rear, where they concealed themselves to watch the result.

The martyr to stubbornness lay for some time, uttering an occasional groan, varied with maledictions upon the service, his fate, the red-coats and his comrades. His wrath toward the latter seemed to be kindled by the bungling manner in which they had performed their duty, leaving him to a lingering death instead of dispatching him at once. At length, with a dolorous exertion he raised himself on his elbow and looked over and beneath his shoulder, as though to determine the nearness of his exit by the quantity of blood that had issued from his wound. Apparently astonished at finding none, he next with slow but seemingly less painful movements, commenced feeling behind his back for traces of the bullet-hole. Unsatisfied with this, he raised himself to a sitting posture and with much exertion took off his coat, and finding no perforation, the truth and the trick flashed upon him at once, when seeing some stragglers of the enemy in the distance, he started up, seized his musket and ran, as none had ever seen him do before, toward the American lines. He arrived long in advance of the lieutenant and his party, who had never occasion thereafter to censure his baffled subordinate.

E. W. B. C.

DICKENS AS A REPORTER.—Dickens, in his youth, is thus described by a "reporter" who is giving his reminiscences of the craft in a London paper:

First and foremost was Charles Dickens, who was as good as Gurney at twelve years of age. Wonderful aptitude! Charles Dickens was a better dressed man years afterward, though still one of the best dressed men about town, with his Parisian waistcoat, and "the last rose of summer," it may be, in his coat when he lectures. Dickens, when he came into the gallery of the House of Commons, had D'Orsay wristbands, fine linen, part and parcel of the inner garment—no "Picadilly weepers"—with bullion buttons. Wonder it was to me full many a morning at 3 o'clock—young Phœbus gilding everything but the faces of those within the House—to see "Boz" taking notes of Palmerston or Peel, or most difficult of all, Disraeli or Shiel, the fastest speaker the world ever heard of—to see, I say, Dickens take notes of these statesmen at such an hour, with note book in one hand, sapphire-headed pencil in the other, was one of the most wonderful sights, and he would leave the House the neatest and best man still, while the rest were all showing the signs of the wear and tear of the night.

LAST DAYS OF CHARLES LAMB.

IT is sad to think that Lamb's later days were not of the calm and pleasant sort described by his friends. A great tenderness and delicacy, a friendly sensitiveness, has kept back from the account of Lamb's history much which concerned the horrid spectre which attended him all through his life. We are led to believe that in time that great and dreadful trouble had been softened for him, and had, as it were, faded out, and that the evening of his days had been calm and tranquil. This, at least, would be the impression, reading his closing at Edmonton. But it is said, and it is vouched for by good authority, that not long before he died, he and his sister had been placed at Enfield in a house called Bay Cottage, with a woman named Redford, who was accustomed to take care of deranged persons. It is said that both required restraint, and that the woman of the place treated them with cruelty, often locking up brother and sister together in a closet during some of their fits. There are those who recollect having seen Mary Lamb at a window, tearing up a feather bed, and scattering the feathers in the air. Fortunately friends found out this pitiable state of things, and Charles was removed in time to Edmonton, where he could die in peace. During that interval, his mind seemed to be filled with but one subject. It always reverted to Coleridge, and in the strangest way—even humorously. He would interrupt the conversation with an abrupt exclamation, "So Coleridge is gone!" On November 21st, five weeks only before he died, he asked to write something in a friend's album. "When I read the death of Coleridge," he wrote, "it was without grief. It seemed to me that he had long been on the confines of the next world—that he had a hunger for eternity. But since I feel how great a part he was to me, his great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot make a criticism on men or books without an ineffectual turning and reference to him. He was the proof and touchstone of all my cogitations. * * He was my fifteen years' old friend, without a dissension. Never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. I seemed to love the house he died at more passionately than when he died. * * What was his mansion, is consecrated to me a chapel." A more pathetic chime to a departed friend was never sounded. He seemed never to recover the blow.—*W. P. Fitzgerald.*

A SPECIMEN OF ENGLISH HUMANITY.

LAST Monday, at the Tower of London, I stood on the spot where Anne Boleyn was executed; put my thumb into the thumbscrews taken from the Spanish inquisition, and touched the spiked collar from the same place and age; and I thanked heaven that these were fossils of a past human stratum, kept only for the curious to visit. Then I went home, and got into some confusion as to the country I was living in, reading some authentic reports concerning the treatment of free negroes in South Carolina. This confusion was enhanced by the following report, sent back by the correspondent sent out to Jamaica by the *Morning Star*, of the treatment of an old man named Chisholm, to make him confess that he knew of Gordon's complicity with the rebellion. "Shortly after the riot (about which Chisholm knows nothing, having been absent from the bay at the time), Ramsay burst into his house, followed by sailors, etc., and accompanied by a local dignitary whose name for the present I suppress. 'You know George William Gordon?' exclaimed Ramsay. 'I do,' was the reply. 'You know he advised you to kill the white people?' 'I know nothing of the kind,' said Chisholm; 'Mr. Gordon was a man of peace, and always told us to obey the law and pay our taxes.' Here a sailor, at a signal from Ramsay, struck the old man over the neck and shoulders with the cat. 'I ask you again, did not George William Gordon advise you to kill the white people at Christmas?' 'No,' said Chisholm. The cat was again applied, and the scene continued until the blood ran down the old man's back. Irritated by his persistency, Ramsay or the sailor twisted the thong of the cat around their own hand, and struck poor old Chisholm over the head with the handle, felling him to the ground. The blood streamed over his face, and saturated his clothes, and in this condition he was hurried away to prison. His wife and children, witnesses of this horrid brutality, were also taken and thrust into jail, and all of them—the old man with his bloody clothes unchanged—were forced to witness the executions. They were detained until martial law put a period to their tyrant's power."

ANECDOTES OF THE RAVEN.

IT was a common practice, in the spacious yard in Belfast, to lay trains of corn to attract the sparrows within view of a window, opened just far enough to afford room for the muzzle of a gun, neither the weapon nor its wielder being visible from without. A tame raven used to scamper away at the sight of a man taking the gun towards the house, and hide himself within view of the scene of slaughter. As soon as a shot was fired, he would dash from his shelter, seize a defunct sparrow, scurry back to his nook with his prize, and repeat his performance as long as the battle lasted.

England, Scotland, and Ireland are all favored with his presence, but he specially affects the Orkneys and the Hebrides. The people of Pabbay were once at their wit's end to get rid of the ravens, who mustered in unusual force to feed on the carcases of some grampuses. The islanders were afraid that, the grampuses disposed of, the birds would pay their attention to the fields of barley; but drive them away they could not. At last, one Morrison hit upon a plan. Stealing with some companions to the sleeping place of the ravens at night, he contrived to secure a few of them alive; these were quickly denuded of all their feathers except those on their wings and tail, and turned among their friends in the morning just as they were going to breakfast. The sensation created was immense, and the hubbub fearful, but it ended in the unwelcome guests departing with more haste than ceremony.

The raven possesses the power of imitating the human voice, and, if not so voluble as the parrot, enunciates his sentences with tenfold the gravity of Poll. A raven's corpse was once followed by a greater crowd than ever escorted the funeral of any one of Rome's distinguished sons. This honored bird was born on the top of the Temple of Castor, but took up his abode in a shoemaker's shop opposite. Crispin took great pains in educating his black lodger, and his pains were well bestowed. Every morning the raven used to fly to the Rostra, and salute in turn Tiberius and his nephews, and having thus testified his loyalty, amused himself with exchanging greetings with the populace. For several years the bird continued to delight the idlers of Rome, until a jealous brother in his landlord's craft killed him in a fit of anger. The mob rose as one man, drove the murderer out of the city, and then executed him. The body of the popular bird was then placed on a litter, and borne to the pile amid the laments of Rome, and his ashes deposited in a field on the right-hand side of the Appian Way.—*Chambers' Journal.*

ANECDOTE OF ELIZABETH OF BRUNSWICK.—We will now give our second anecdote; which has less of memorability to us strangers at present, though doubtless it was then, in Berlin society, the more celebrated of the two; relating, as it did, to a high Court-lady, almost the highest, and who was herself only too celebrated in those years. The heroine is Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick, King's own niece, and a pretty woman; who for four years (14th July, 1765,—18th April, 1869,) of her long life was Princess Royal of Prussia—wife of that tall young gentleman whom we used to see dancing about, whom we last saw at Schweidnitz, getting flung from his horse on the day of Pirch's saddle there; but in the fourth year ceased to be so (for excellent reasons on both sides) and lived thenceforth in a divorced state, at Stettin, where is laid the scene of our anecdote. I understand it to be perfectly true, but cannot ascertain from any of the witneses in what year the thing happened; or whether it was at Stettin or Berlin—though my author has guessed "Stettin, in the Lady's divorced state," as appears:

"This Princess had commissioned, direct from Lyon, a very beautiful dress; which arrived duly, addressed to her at Stettin. As this kind of stuffs is charged with very heavy dues, the *Douanier*, head Custom House personage of the town, had the impertinence to detain the dress till payment was made. The Princess, in a lofty indignation, sent word to this person to bring the dress instantly and she would pay the dues on it. He obeyed; but—mark the result: "scarcely had the Princess got eye on him, when she seized her Lyon dress, and giving the Douanier a couple of good slaps on the face, ordered him out of her apartment and house.

The Douanier, thinking himself one and somewhat, withdrew in high choler; had a long *processverbal* of the thing drawn out, and sent it to the King with eloquent complaint 'that he had been dishonored in doing the function appointed him.' Friedrich replied as follows: '*To the Douanier at Stettin:* The loss of the excise dues shall fall to my score; the dress shall remain with the Princess—the slaps to him who has received them. As to the pretended dishonor, I entirely relieve the complainant from that; never can the appliance of a beautiful hand dishonor the face of an officer of customs.' F."

Northern tourists, Wraxall and others, passing that way, speak of this Princess, down to recent times, as a phenomenon of the place. Apparently a high and peremptory kind of lady, disdaining to be bowed too low by her disgraces. She survived all her generation, and the next, and indeed into our own. Died 18th February, 1840, at the age of ninety-six. Three score and eleven years of that eclipsed Stettin existence: this of the Lyon gown, and catiff of a Custom-houser slapped on the face, her one adventure put on record for us! [*Carlyle's Frederick the Great.*

ROBERT E. LEE.

HIS BRUTALITY TO HIS SLAVES.

IT has frequently been represented by the friends and admirers of Robert E. Lee, late an officer in the rebel army, that, although a slaveholder, his treatment of his chattels was invariably kind and humane. The subjoined statement, taken from the lips of one of his former slaves, indicates the real character of the man:

"My name is Wesley Norris; I was born a slave on the plantation of George Parke Custis; after the death of Mr. Custis, Gen. Lee, who had been made executor of the estate, assumed control of the slaves, in number about seventy; it was the general impression among the slaves of Mr. Custis that on his death they should be forever free; in fact this statement had been made to them by Mr. C. years before; at his death we were informed by Gen. Lee that by the conditions of the will we must remain slaves for five years; I remained with Gen. Lee for about seventeen months, when my sister Mary, a cousin of ours, and I determined to run away, which we did in the year 1859; we had already reached Westminster, in Maryland, on our way to the North, when we were apprehended and thrown into prison, and Gen. Lee notified of our arrest; we remained in prison fifteen days, when we were sent back to Arlington; we were immediately taken before Gen. Lee, who demanded the reason why we ran away; we frankly told him that we considered ourselves free; he then told us he would teach us a lesson we never would forget; he then ordered us to the barn, where, in his presence, we were tied firmly to posts by a Mr. Gwin, our overseer, who was ordered by Gen. Lee to strip us to the waist and give us fifty lashes each, excepting my sister, who received but twenty; we were accordingly stripped to the skin by the overseer, who, however, had sufficient humanity to decline whipping us; accordingly Dick Williams, a county constable, was called in, who gave us the number of lashes ordered; Gen. Lee, in the meantime, stood by, and frequently enjoined Williams to 'lay it on well,' an injunction which he did not fail to heed; not satisfied with simply lacerating our naked flesh, Gen. Lee then ordered the overseer to thoroughly wash our backs with brine, which was done. After this my cousin and myself were sent to Hanover Court-House jail, my sister being sent to Richmond to an agent to be hired; we remained in jail about a week, when we were sent to Nelson county, where we were hired out by Gen. Lee's agent to work on the Orange and Alexander railroad; we remained thus employed for about seven months, and were then sent to Alabama, and put to work on what is known as the Northeastern railroad; in January, 1863, we were sent to Richmond, from which place I finally made my escape through the rebel lines to freedom; I have nothing further to say; what I have stated is true in every particular, and I can at any time bring at least a dozen witnesses, both white and black, to substantiate my statements: I am at present employed by the Government, and am at work in the National Cemetery on Arlington Heights, where I can be found by those who desire further particulars; my sister referred to is at present employed by the French Minister at Washington, and will confirm my statement."

WHEN I was in Antwerp, I was amazed at the mighty cathedral there. Most exquisite was it with its netted stone. If needles had been taken, and stone had been thread, and they had enmeshed it and knitted it in curious ways, hundreds of feet in the air, it would not have been more exquisite in its texture to my eye. It stood elevated above the base dominations about; and far up in the belfry were some twenty or thirty bells, so connected with machinery that at every quarter hour the most exquisite snatches of music were produced, that at every half hour these were augmented, and that at every full hour there was a whole choral rolling in the air. And it seemed as if chords were being played on by airy fingers in high air, instead of rude bells being struck by rude hammers. I sat over against it, and would go no whither, waiting for the next quarter; and when that had come and gone, I would look about at that which was strange and antique, till another quarter came, and then I would stop and listen again. People went by, and looked at me as if they wondered what I wanted, as I stood waiting for this wondrous magic music of the bells. And so for hours I lingered in that majestic presence, to hear those witching melodies. And I thought people were fools, I thought they were bereft of reason, to live there and not be enchanted by such exquisite sounds. It seemed to me that, if I had been a shoemaker, a cabinet maker, an artificer of any kind, I would have worked at my door or window, and stopped at every quarter hour to listen; but here were hucksters talking and chattering away, when the bells above them in the belfry of the cathedral were pealing forth strains of wondrous music; and none were to be seen at doors or windows, with ear turned to catch the sounds as they rolled through the air. The ringing of those bells was all silence to those that lived almost underneath them. Day and night there was sounding out this voice of the air, polysyllabic, which, it would seem must arrest men's attention, and elevate them from their grossness, if anything would; and yet they appeared not to heed it, or to be conscious that it existed.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE END OF A DEFAULTER.—The New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* says:

"In the announcement of deaths, published by one or two of our papers on Monday, appeared the information that one Philip Burrows died recently in a town in Italy. But it seems to have escaped the usual retentive memory of our public that quite a long tale hangs upon this little item of mortuary news; for this same moribund individual was once a lawyer of some prominence here, enjoying a large and lucrative practice, and in the confidence of many of our heaviest capitalists and real estate owners. He was the counsel for the Van Rensselaers, A. T Stewart, and others, in his day; his brother being, while living, a partner of the great dry goods merchant. In an evil day, however, Philip Burrows went back on both his clients and his character, by suddenly eloping for parts unknown, taking with him a large amount of money temporarily intrusted to his care by several estates, *quorum magna pars* was the handsome sum of half a million of money belonging to the Van Rensselaer family, and paid to him by Mr. Stewart as the purchase price of the magnificent Metropolitan Hotel, then just bought by Mr. S. for the sum named. Burrows was at the time acting for both parties to the transaction, and upon delivery of the deed of the property, was promptly placed in funds by the purchaser. But the temptation was too strong to be resisted, and the legal gentleman incontinently packed up his duds, gathered together what little of other people's funds he could get at handily, and started for Tuscany, where such things as requisitions and extradition nuisances are ignored. It is said that one or two of his victims followed him up with a sharp stick; but when they came to bring law to bear upon him, he was swift enough to turn the tables upon them, whereby they not only lost their suit, but had to foot heavy costs. In respect to the Metropolitan Hotel matter, rumor says that the Van Rensselaers did not get a dollar for that handsome property. The building having cost them nearly $500,000 to erect, not to speak of the value of the lots upon which they were built, their profits on the sale were worse than infinitesimal. All this occurred fifteen or twenty years ago; and meanwhile Burrows has been living in Italy like a nabob, on the result of his ill-gotten treasure—another of the family of exiles to whom such names as Schuyler, Fowler, Swartwout, *et id omne genus*, have lent a sort of lustre."

WORDSWORTH, HAZLITT AND LAMB.—From Miss Kate Field's pleasant paper on the last days of Walter Savage Landor, in the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, we copy these interesting reminiscences of three eminent English authors.

I once asked Landor to describe Wordsworth's personal appearance. He laughed and replied: "The best description I can give you of Wordsworth is the one that Hazlitt gave *me*. Hazlitt's voice was very deep and gruff, and he peppered his sentences very bountifully with 'sirs.' In speaking to me of Wordsworth, he said: 'Well, sir, did you ever see a horse, sir?' 'Yes.' 'Then sir, you have seen Wordsworth, sir! He looks exactly like a horse, sir, and a very long-faced horse at that, sir!' 'And he did look like a horse,' added Landor."

Those who have seen good likenesses of Wordsworth will readily remark this resemblance. A greater length of ear would liken the Lake poet to an animal of less dignity.

Continuing the conversation thus begun, Lander said: "I saw a great deal of Hazlitt when he was in Florence. He called upon me frequently, and a funny fellow he was. He used to say to me: 'Mr. Landor, I like you, sir,—I like you very much, sir,—you're an honest man, sir; but I don't approve, sir, of a great deal that you have written, sir. You must reform some of your opioions, sir.'" And again Landor laughed with great goodwill.

"I regret that I saw Charles Lamb but once," replied Landor, in answer to many questions asked concerning this delightful man and writer. "Lamb sent word by Southey," (I think it was Southey) "that he would be very happy to see me, whereupon we made him a visit. He had then retired from the India House, and lived at Enfield. He was most charming in conversation, and his smile impressed me as being particularly genial. His sister also was a very agreeable person.

"During my visit, Lamb rose, went to a table in the centre of the room, and took up a book, out of which he read aloud. Soon shutting it, he turned to me, saying: 'Is not what I have been reading exceedingly good?' 'Very good,' I replied.—Thereupon Lamb burst out laughing and exclaimed: 'Did one ever know so conceited a man as Mr. Landor? He has actually praised his own ideas!' It was now my turn to laugh, as I had not the slightest remembrance of having written what Lamb had read.

Are there many to whom the following lines will not be better than new?

> "Once, and only once, have I seen thy face,
> Elia! once only has thy tripping tongue
> Run o'er my breast, yet never has been left
> Impression on it stronger or more sweet.
> Cordial old man! what youth was in thy years
> What wisdom in thy levity! what truth
> In every utterance of that purest soul!
> Few are the spirits of the glorified
> I'd spring to earlier at the gate of Heaven."

THE ANDERSONVILLE DEAD.—Miss Clara Barton was lately examined by the Reconstruction Committee and in the course of her testimony gave an interesting account of the means that were adopted to secure the identification of the heroic dead at Andersonville.

In the latter part of 1864 she had become acquainted with a young man who had been a prisoner at Andersonville, and who had brought away with him the records of the dead. From an examination of these records she became convinced that the identification of the remains was possible, and upon bringing the matter before Secretary Stanton, she received immediately offers of assistance. Accordingly, under her direction, a party was soon organized, and on the 25th of July they began their sad work.

The dead numbered 12,920, and were buried in trenches, a numbered board being placed at the head of each as they lay side by side. These trenches were dug continuously, and as the men were carried from the hospital, a paper was pinned on the breast of each specifying his name, company and regiment. As the body was placed in the trench, the paper was taken off and given to a man whose business it was to keep it carefully, putting it in its regular order after the one that came before, never allowing the least change in its position. These papers were then taken to the young man who kept the death register, and were there registered in regular order and numbered. Their head-boards were made with corresponding numbers, and these were then placed in regular order in the counting. Thus, the whole question of identification depends upon the exact correspondence between the number given to the clerk, and the number placed on the head boards. There are thus evidently liabilities to mistakes, but Miss Barton says that the registration was always in the hands of one man, and the dead were buried by their own comrades and companions in arms, who had a full realization of the importance of their work, and exerted themselves to the utmost to provide against all mistakes.

In the prosecution of her great work, Miss Barton has displayed a wonderful energy and courage, and having at last accomplished it, she has a claim upon the country which it will never forget.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

A ROYAL WOMAN.—The Empress of Austria is one of the most beautiful of European princesses, and famed for her kindness of temper, notwithstanding her rather haughty bearing. She is tall, slender, graceful, with a very white skin, and a good deal of color, large, limpid blue eyes, and an amazing head of light hair, which she wears in eight massive braids, wound round and round her head, forming a magnificent diadem of hair, such as very few women could match from their own resources. She is also said to be highly accomplished. She speaks all the principal tongues of Europe, and is particularly fond of the English language, which she speaks as perfectly as though it were her native dialect. She is an excellent musician, paints and draws extremely well, and is one of the boldest and most skilful horsewomen of Austria. She possesses a stud of very valuable horses, and a pack of splendid hounds; and she is said to take the warmest interest in the racing and hunting of all Europe, and to know by heart the names of the heroes of the turf, biped and quadruped, of all the countries of Europe.

MR. WENTWORTH AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—The telegraph has given us several muddy versions of the adventures of "Long John Wentworth," of Illinois, in the White House grounds while President Johnson was delivering his speech on the 22d, but none quite clear and intelligible. A Washington letter in the Norwich *Bulletin* tells the story as obtained from Mr. Wentworth's own lips:

"He went up to hear the President's speech, but as he attempted to enter the portico he encountered the point of a bayonet, and was told he could not pass. He halted, thereofre, per force, but was soon recognized by a Democratic friend on the portico, and beckoned in. The opportunity for his little joke was too good to be lost, and he exclaimed, in loud tones, 'Oh, no! *I* voted for Andrew Johnson, and so I am kept away from the White House by Federal bayonets. It is only these men who voted for Jeff. Davis who can pass in.' Some little tumult and confusion followed, and one of the managers of the meeting rushed up in an excited manner, and ordered a policeman to 'arrest that man at once.' The policeman knew his business well enough to refuse, however, and Mr. Wentworth was left unmolested. A few minutes after a similar colloquy occurred with some other Democratic friend on the portico, and the enraged manager again ordered Mr. W.'s arrest. Mr. W. had so deep an appreciation of the fun of being arrested by order of one of the counsel for President Lincoln's assassins, that he told the policeman he would give him ten dollars if he made the arrest. But the officer sagaciously shook his head, and Mr. W. was left free to enjoy the points of the performance. He intended to tell the story to the House on Friday, but did not get an opportunity."

FLORENCE AS THE ITALIAN CAPITAL.—A great change has indeed come over Florence, most remarkable to those who have known the city before its recent honors were thrust upon it. Then the piazzas and streets were never uncomfortably crowded, and you could walk from end to end of the town over the smooth flags, in a sauntering, lazy fashion, for the very air seemed imbued with a dolce far niente spirit. But all this is now over. As you pass through the streets, you are jostled and pushed from side to side, now sent reeling into the middle of the street, and now hurled against the wall as a carriage pierces the crowd and cleaves the living mass. The Florentines, who cling tenaciously to old ways and customs, have not yet learnt the art of walking the streets; and though the vehicles on meeting each other pass to the right, foot passengers do not. An attempt has been made to reduce the street traffic to some degree of order; but the policemen appointed for this task are ludicrously inefficient. Diminutive in size—a sturdy London policeman would be a match for half a dozen of them—they perambulate the streets in pairs, lounging along, dressed much like undertakers, and carrying slim sticks headed by a metallic knob. Meet them in the off-streets, and you will very likely find them indulging in a weed, for which they have a decided partiality. The task of enlarging Florence and rendering the city more commodious is going on, but piano, piano. It is proposed to erect a vast hotel on the vacant ground adjoining the Arno, near the entrance to the Cascine; and designs are invited from architects and others for the completion of the façade of the Duomo. Were I an architect there are few buildings in Europe that I should like to leave my mark on more than the façade of Santa Maria del Fiore, in Florence.—*Correspondence London Athenæum.*

WEIGHT OF PEOPLE.—What is the average weight of a man? At what age does he attain his greatest weight? How much heavier are men than women? What would be the weight of fat people—and what of very fat people? M. Quetelet of Brussels some years ago deemed such questions quite within the scope of his extensive series of researches of man. He got hold of everybody he could, everywhere, and weighed them all. He weighed the babies; he weighed the boys and girls; he weighed the youths and maidens; he weighed men and women; he weighed collegians, soldiers, factory-people, pensioners; and, as he had no particular theory to disturb his facts, he honestly set down such results as he met with. All the infants in the Foundling Hospital in Brussels, for a considerable period, were weighed, and the results were compared with others obtained at similar establishments in Paris and Moscow. The average returns show that a citizen of the world, on the first day of his appearance in public, weighs about six pounds and a half—a boy-baby a little more, a girl-baby a little less. Some very modest babies hardly turn the scale with two pounds and a half, while other pretentious youngsters boast of ten and eleven pounds. M. Quetelet grouped his thousands of people according to ages, and found that the young men of twenty averaged one hundred and forty-three pounds each, while the young women of twenty have an average of one hundred and twenty pounds. His men reached their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five when their average weight was one hundred and fifty-two pounds; but the women slowly fattened on until fifty, when their average weight was one hundred and twenty-nine pounds. Men and women together, the weight, at full growth, averaged almost exactly one hundred and forty pounds.

AMERICAN STUDENTS AT OXFORD, ENGLAND.—The son of the Rev. W. H. Channing is pursuing a successful career at Oxford University. His father is now in England, preaching for